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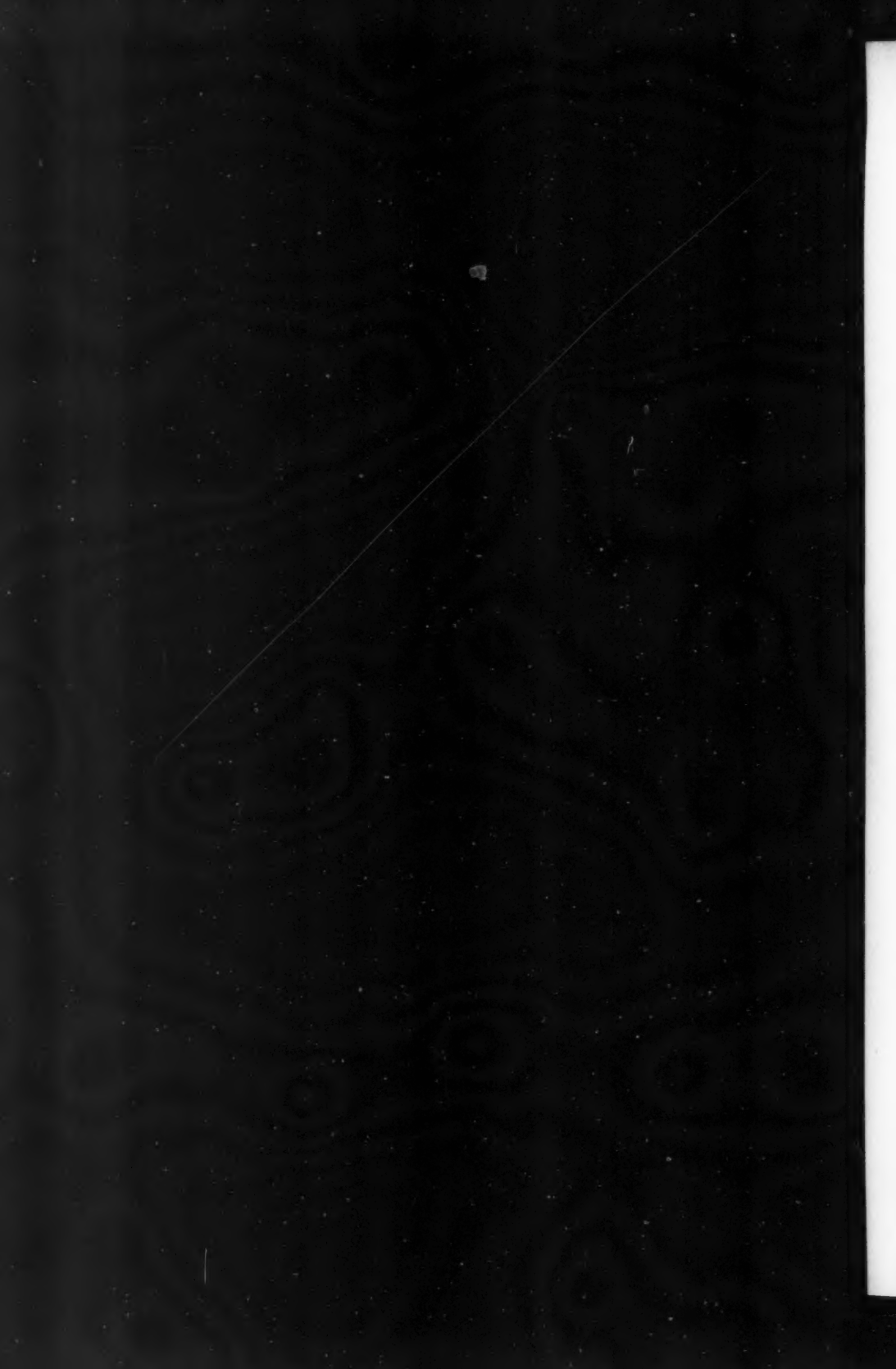
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WITH THE PAST.

THINK you ever of one gloaming
In a golden Summer gone,
When, amid the gathering shadows,
Eyes, love-lighted, brighter shone ?
All the birds had hushed their voices,
In the grass the daisies slept,
And on soft cool wing, the west wind
Past us like an angel swept.

Think you ever of the silence —
Silence sweeter far than speech —
That stole o'er us as Love drew us
Closer, trembling, each to each ?
Oh, the years that I had waited
For a moment such as this !
Stretching out vain arms to clasp thee,
Thrilling 'neath thy phantom kiss.

Am I waking ? am I dreaming ?
Has that bygone day come back ?
Nay ! 'tis only Memory straying
O'er the dear old beaten track !
M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.
Chambers' Journal.

DR. HEINRICH HOFFMANN.

AUTHOR OF "STRUWWELPETER."

B. 1809; d. 1894.

So quietly he walked the earth
Made brighter by his kindling mirth,
So gently, that in England few
Knew that he lived at all, or knew
That Heinrich Hoffmann's was the brain
Whence Struwwelpeter sprang amain.
And now the cunning hand is still :
The old man rests beneath the hill.¹
Benignant, sunny-hearted sage,
Thank thee for Struwwelpeter's page !
Thou sent'st that tousled bantling forth,
And straight from east, west, south, and
north,

A peal of merry laughter rose
Whose joyous volume ever grows.
He conquers all along the line,
This scapegrace moralist of thine,
And not till children cease to be
Will Peter cease from victory.

Such tragic poems would have won
Old Aristotle's benison ;

¹ On the occasion of the celebration of Dr. Hoffmann's professional jubilee by his brother physicians in Frankfurt, he ended his speech with these words : " For my part, when people meet me with the customary 'How do you do?' I reply, 'The road leads down hill, but comfortably,' "

For truly none were ever penn'd
That could more thoroughly amend
By fear and pity (laughingly)
The passions of the nursery.
Thy pencil, too, — with what a force
It shadowed Nemesis her course !
Who that once saw, can e'er forget
The cats which mourned for Harriet,
With eyes so grievously attacked
By all the pains of cataract ?
Or Peter's own despondent form ?
Or Robert's very local storm ?
Or who without a thrill can scan
The awful "red-legged scissors man" ?

Thy Peter was a beacon-light
To guide my erring steps aright ;
For what deters me from the fun
Of mocking Afric's ebony son,
(A kind of sport to which my mind
Is naturally much inclined),
But recollection of the ill
Befalling Arthur, Ned, and Will ?
Did not Augustus pine and droop
Through his antipathy to soup,
A cross like his would surely mark
The spot where I lay stiff and stark ;
And were it not that cruel Fred
Consumed unpleasant drugs in bed,
I should, I feel it, every day
Defy the R.S.P.C.A.

This wish for thee, then, mentor rare
Of little people everywhere :
May the earth lightly on thee lie,
May "Struwwelpeter" never die !

Spectator.

E. V. L.

SONG.

O LIKE a queen's her happy tread,
And like a queen's her golden head !
But O, at last, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me !

We wandered where the river gleamed
'Neath oaks that mused and pines that
dreamed,
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,
So proud, and pure, and free !

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,
When from her lips her soul took wing ;
The oaks forgot their pondering,
The pines their reverie.

And O, her happy queenly tread,
And O, her queenly golden head !
But O, her heart, when all is said,
Her woman's heart for me !

Spectator.

WILLIAM WATSON.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE EVOLUTION OF CITIES.
BY ELISEE RECLUS.

To look at our enormous cities, expanding day by day and almost hour by hour, engulfing year by year fresh colonies of immigrants, and running out their suckers, like giant octopuses, into the surrounding country, one feels a sort of shudder come over one, as if in presence of a symptom of some strange social malady. One could almost take up one's parable against these prodigious agglomerations of humanity, and prophesy against them as Isaiah prophesied against Tyre, "full of wisdom and perfect in beauty," or against Babylon, "the son of the morning." Yet it is easy to show that this monster growth of the city, the complex outcome of a multiplicity of causes, is not altogether a morbid growth. If, on the one hand, it constitutes, in some of its incidents, a formidable fact for the moralist, it is, on the other hand, in its normal development, a sign of healthy and regular evolution. Where the cities increase, humanity is progressing; where they diminish, civilization itself is in danger. It is therefore important to distinguish clearly the causes which have determined the origin and growth of cities, those which lead to their decay and disappearance, and those, again, which are now transforming them little by little, in the process of wedding them, so to speak, to the surrounding country.

Even in the earliest times, when the primitive tribes of men were still wandering in woods and savannahs, nascent society was endeavoring to produce the germs of the future town; already the shoots that were destined to expand into such mighty branches were beginning to show themselves around the outline of the stem. It is not among our civilized populations, but in the full heyday of primitive barbarism that we must watch the creative forces at work on the production of those centres of human life which were to be the precursors of the town and the metropolis.

To begin with, man is sociable. Nowhere do we find a people whose ideal of life is complete isolation. The craving for perfect solitude is an aberration possible only in an advanced stage of civilization, to fakirs and anchores distraught by religious delirium or broken by the sorrows of life; and even then they are still dependent on the society around them, which brings them day by day, in exchange for their prayers or benedictions, their daily bread. If they were really rapt in a perfect ecstasy, they would exhale their spirits on the spot; or if they were desperate indeed, they would slink away to die like the wounded animal that hides itself in the black shadows of the forest. But the sane man of savage society — hunter, fisher, or shepherd — loves to find himself among his companions. His needs may oblige him often to keep solitary watch for the game, to follow the shoal alone in a narrow skiff, beaten by the waves, to wander far from the encampment in search of fresh pastures for his flocks; but as soon as he can rejoin his friends with a fair supply of provisions he hies back to the common camp, the nucleus of the city that is to be.

Except in countries where the population is extremely sparse and scattered over immense distances, it is usual for several tribes to have a common trysting-place, generally at some chosen spot easily accessible by natural roadways — rivers, defiles, or mountain passes. Here they have their feasts, their palavers, their exchange of the goods which some lack and others have to spare. The Redskins, who in the last century still overran the forest tracts and prairies of the Mississippi, preferred for their rendezvous some peninsula dominating the confluence of the rivers — such as the triangular strip of land that separates the Monongahela and the Alleghany; or bare hills commanding a wide and uninterrupted view, whence they could see their companions travelling over the distant prairie or rowing on the river or the lake — such as, for instance, the large island of Manitou, between Lake

Michigan and Lake Huron. In countries rich in game, fish, cattle, and cultivable land, the grouping becomes closer, other things being equal, in proportion to the abundance of the means of living. The sites of future towns are indicated already by the natural meeting-place common to the various centres of production. How many modern cities have sprung up in this way in places which have been a resort from all antiquity!

The traffic in commodities carried on at these trysting-places becomes an additional incentive, over and above the instinctive social need, to the formation of fresh nuclei among the primitive populations; and further, some nascent industry generally accompanies these beginnings of trade. A bed of flint for cutting and polishing weapons and other implements, a layer of pottery clay or pipe clay for vessels or calumets, a vein of metal which might be cast or hammered into trinkets, a heap of beautiful shells suitable for ornaments or money—all these are attractions which draw men together; and if at the same time the places are favorably situated as centres of food-supply, they combine all the requirements necessary for the formation of a town.

But man is not guided only by his interests in the conduct of his life. The fear of the unknown, the terror of mystery, tends also to fix a centre of population in the neighborhood of places regarded with superstitious dread. The terror itself attracts. If vapors are seen ascending from fissures in the soil, as if from the furnace where the gods are forging their thunderbolts; if strange echoes are heard reverberating among the mountains like voices of mocking genii; if some block of iron falls from heaven, or some flame or living spring starts up freshly from the ground, or some mysterious mist takes human form and stalks the air, no sooner does such a phenomenon mark out some special spot, than religion consecrates it, temples rise above it, the faithful gather round, and we have the beginnings of a Mecca or a Jerusalem.

Human hatred, even, has had its share in the founding of cities; even in our own day it founds them still. It was one of the constant cares of our ancestors to guard themselves from hostile incursions. There are vast regions in Asia and Africa where every village is surrounded by its breastwork and palisades; and even in our own southern Europe every group of dwellings situated in the vicinity of the sea has its walls, its watch-tower, and its keep or fortified church, and on the least alarm the country-folk take shelter within its ramparts. All the advantages of the ground were utilized to make the place of habitation a place also of refuge. An islet separated from the main land by a narrow channel of deep water afforded an admirable site for a maritime or lacustrine city, which might at once overlook its enemies, and receive its friends in the port cut off by its cluster of cabins from the open sea. Steep rocks, with perpendicular sides, from which blocks of stone could be rolled down upon the assailant, formed a sort of natural fortress which was much appreciated. Thus the Zuni, the Moqui, and other cliff-dwellers poised themselves on their lofty terraces, and dominated space like eagles.

Primitive man, then, looked out the site; civilized man founded and built the city. At the earliest beginnings of written history, among the Chaldeans and the Egyptians, on the borders of the Euphrates and the Nile, the city had long existed, and it appears by that time to have numbered its inhabitants by tens and hundreds of thousands. The cultivation of these river-valleys required an immense amount of organized labor, the draining of swamps, the deflecting of riverbeds, the construction of embankments, the digging of canals for irrigation; and the completion of these works necessitated the building of cities in the immediate neighborhood of the stream, on an artificial platform of beaten earth raised well above the level of inundation. It is true that in these

far-distant times, sovereigns who had the lives of innumerable slaves at their disposal had already begun to choose the sites of their palaces at their own caprice; but, personal as their power was, they could but carry on the normal movement, initiated by the populations themselves. It was the country folk, after all, who gave birth to the cities which in later times have so often turned against their forgotten creators.¹

Never was the normal and spontaneous birth of cities more strikingly illustrated than in the Greek era, when Athens, Megara, Sicyon sprang up at the foot of their hills like flowers in the shade of the olive-trees. The whole country—the fatherland of the citizen—was contained within a narrow space. From the heights of its acropolis he could follow with his eye the limits of the collective domain, now along the line of the seashore, traced by the white selvage of the waves, then across the distant blue of wooded hills, and past ravines and gorges to the crests of the shining rocks. The son of the soil could name every brooklet, every clump of trees, every little house in sight. He knew every family that sheltered under those thatched roofs, every spot made memorable by the exploits of his national heroes, or by the fallen thunderbolts of his gods. The peasants, on their part, regarded the city as peculiarly their own. They knew the beaten paths that had grown to be its streets, the broad roads and squares that still bore the names of the trees that used to grow there; they could remember playing round the springs which now mirrored the statues of the nymphs. High on the summit of the protecting hill rose the temple of the sculptured deity whom they invoked in hours of public danger, and behind its ramparts they all took refuge when the enemy was in possession of the open country. Nowhere did any other soil beget a patriotism of such intensity, a life of each so bound up with the prosperity of all. The political organism was as

simple, as sharply defined, as one and indivisible, as that of the individual himself.

Far more complex to begin with was the commercial city of the Middle Ages, which lived by its industries or its foreign trade, and which was often surrounded only by a little belt of gardens. It saw around it in disturbing proximity the fortresses of its feudal friends or adversaries, clasping the wretched hovels of the villagers between their feet, like eagles planting their talons in their prey. In this mediæval society the antagonism between town and country sprang up as the result of foreign conquest; reduced to mere serfdom under the baron, the laborer—a fixture of the soil, in the insulting language of the law—was flung like a weapon against the towns, by no will of his own; whether as workmen or as armed retainer, he was forced into opposition against the borough with its rising industrial class.

Of all European countries, Sicily is the one in which the pristine harmony between town and country has most nearly survived. The open country is uninhabited except by day, during the hours of field-labor. There are no villages. In the evening laborers and herdsmen return to the city with their flocks; peasants in the daytime, they become citizens at night. There is no sweeter or more touching sight than that of the processions of toilers returning to the towns at the moment when the sun sinks behind the mountains, casting up the vast shadow of the earth against the eastern horizon. The unequal groups follow each other at intervals up the ascending road—for, with the view to security, the towns are almost always perched on the summit of some cliff, where their white walls can be seen for ten leagues round. Families and friends join each other for the climb, and the children and the dogs run with joyous cries from group to group. The cattle pause from time to time to crop a bit of choice herbage by the roadside. The young girls sit astride on the beasts, while the lads help them over the diffi-

¹ Mrs. J. R. Green, *Town Life in the Fifteenth Century*.

cult places, and sing and laugh and sometimes whisper softly with them.

But it is not only in Sicily—the Sicily of Theocritus—that one meets these gracious evening groups. Round the whole of the Mediterranean coast, from Asia Minor to Andalusia, the antique customs are partially retained, or at least have left their traces. All the little fortified towns that line the shores of Italy and Provence belong to the same type of miniature republic, the nightly resort of all the peasants of the agricultural outskirts.

If the earth were perfectly uniform in the shape of its relief and the qualities of its soil, the towns would occupy, so to speak, an almost geometrical position. Mutual attraction, the social instinct, the convenience of trade, would have caused them to spring up at pretty nearly equal distances. Given a flat plain without natural obstacles, without rivers or favorably situated ports, and with no political divisions carving the territory into distinct States, the chief city would have been planted full in the centre of the country; the larger towns would have been distributed at equal distances round it, rhythmically spaced out among themselves, and each possessing its planetary system of smaller towns, the normal distance being the distance of a day's march—for, in the beginning, the step of man as the natural measure between place and place, and the number of miles that can be covered by an average walker between dawn and dusk was, under ordinary conditions, the regular stage between one town and the next. The domestication of animals, and, later, the invention of the wheel, modified these primitive measurements; the stride of the horse, and then the turn of the axle-tree, became the unit of calculation in reckoning the distance between the urban centres of population. Even now, in the towns of many long-inhabited countries—in China, in the neighborhood of the Ganges, in the plains of the Po, in central Russia, and even in France itself—one may discern be-

neath the apparent disorder a real order of distribution, which was evidently regulated long ago by the step of the traveller.

A little pamphlet written in 1850, or thereabouts, by Gobert, an ingenious man and an inventor, living as a refugee in London, drew attention to the astonishing regularity of the distribution of the large towns in France before mining and other industrial operations came in to upset the natural balance of the population. Thus Paris is surrounded, towards the frontiers of the country, by a ring of great but subordinate cities—Lille, Bordeaux, Lyons. The distance from Paris to the Mediterranean being about double the ordinary radius, another great city had to arise at the extremity of this line, and Marseilles, the old Phœnician and Greek colony, developed itself splendidly. Between Paris and these secondary centres arose, at fairly equal distances, a number of smaller, but still considerable cities, separated from each other by a double distance, say, of about eighty miles—Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême. Finally, halfway between these tertiary centres, in a position suggestive of the average distance, there grew up the modest towns of Etampes, Amboise, Châtellerault, Ruffec, Libourne. Thus the traveller, in his journey through France, would find, as it were, alternately a halting-place and a resting-place, the first adequate for the foot-passenger and the second convenient for the horseman and the coach. On almost all the highroads the rhythm of cities follows the same plan—a sort of natural cadence regulating the progress of men, horses, and carriages.

The irregularities of this network of stations are all explicable by the features of the country, its ups and downs, the flow of its rivers, the thousand points of geographical variation. The nature of the soil, in the first place, influences men in their spontaneous choice of a site for their dwellings. Where the blade cannot grow the town cannot grow either. It turns away from the sterile heath, from the hard

gravels and the heavy clays, and expands first in such of the more fertile districts as are easy of cultivation—for the soft alluvium of the marshes, fertile enough in its way, is not always easily accessible, and cannot be brought under culture without an organization of labor which implies a very advanced stage of progress.

Again, the unevenness of the land, as well as the niggardliness of the soil, tends to repel population, and prevents, or at least retards, the growth of cities. The precipices, the glaciers, the snows, the bitter winds, thrust men out, so to speak, from the rugged mountain valleys; and the natural tendency of the towns is to cluster immediately outside the forbidden region, on the first favorable spot that presents itself at the entrance of the valleys. Every torrent has its riverside town in the lowland, just where its bed suddenly widens and it breaks into a multitude of branches among the gravels. In the same way every double, triple, or quadruple confluent of the valley has its important town, a town so much the more considerable, other things being equal, as the branches of the delta carry a greater abundance of water. Take, for instance, from this point of view the geography of the Pyrenees and of the Alps. Could any situation be more naturally indicated than that of Zaragoza, placed on the mid course of the Ebro, at the crossing of the double valley of the Gallego and the Huerva? The city of Toulouse, again, the metropolis of southern France, stands on a spot which a child might have pointed out beforehand as a natural site, just where the river becomes navigable below the confluence of Upper Garonne, the Ariège and the Ers. At the opposite corners of Switzerland, Basle and Geneva stand at the great cross-roads followed by the ancient migrations of peoples; and on the southern slope of the Alps every valley without exception has its warden town at its gates. Great cities like Milan and so many others mark the chief points of convergence; and the whole upper valley of the Po,

forming three-quarters of an immense circle, has for its natural centre the city of Turin.

But the rivers must not be regarded as simply the median artery of the valleys; they are essentially movement and life. Now life appeals to life; and man with his ever-wandering spirit, continually impelled towards the distant horizon, loves to linger beside the flowing stream which bears at once his vessels and his thoughts. Nevertheless, he will not settle indifferently on either side the stream, making no distinction between the outer and the inner curve, the rapid and the lazy current. He tries hither and thither before he finds the site that pleases him. He chooses by preference the points of convergence or ramification, where he can take advantage of the three or four navigable ways that offer themselves at starting, instead of two directions only, up stream and down stream. Or he plants himself at the necessary points of stoppage—rapids, waterfalls, rocky defiles, where vessels come to anchor and the merchandise is transhipped; or where the river narrows and it becomes easy to cross from side to side. Finally, in each river basin the vital point is found to be at the head of the estuary, where the rising tide checks and bears up the downward current, and where the boats borne down by the fresh water meet the ocean vessels coming in with the tide. This place of meeting of the waters, in the hydrographic system, may be likened to the position held by the stock of a tree between the system of aerial vegetation above and that of the deep-spreading roots below.

The deviations of the coast-line also affect the distribution of towns. Straight sandy shores, almost unbroken, inaccessible to large vessels except on the rare days of dead calm, are avoided by the inhabitants of the interior as well as by the seafaring man. Thus, the one hundred and thirty-six miles of coast which run in a straight line from the mouth of the Gironde to that of the Adour have no town at all except Arcachon, which is simply a small

watering-place, set well back from the sea behind the dunes of the Cap Ferré. In the same way, the formidable series of littoral barriers that flanks the Carolinas along their Atlantic shore gives access, for the whole distance between Norfolk and Wilmington, only to a few petty towns carrying on with difficulty a dangerous traffic. In other seacoast regions, isles, and islets, rocks, promontories, peninsulas innumerable, the thousand jags and snippings of the cliffs, equally prevent the formation of towns, in spite of all the advantages of deep and sheltered waters. The violence of a too tempestuous coast forbids the settlement of more than very small groups of persons. The most favorable situations are those which afford a temperate climate and a coast accessible both by land and sea, alike to ships and wheeled vehicles.

All the other features of the soil, physical, geographical, climatic, contribute in the same way to the birth and growth of cities. Every advantage augments their power of attraction; every disadvantage detracts from it. Given the same environment and the same stage of historical evolution, the size of the cities is measured exactly by the sum of their natural privileges. An African city and a European city, existing under similar natural conditions, will be very different from one another, because their historical environment is so totally different; but there will, nevertheless, be a certain parallelism in their destinies. By a phenomenon analogous to that of the disturbance of planets, two neighboring urban centres exercise a mutual influence on each other, and either promote each other's development by supplying complementary advantages — as in the case of Manchester, the manufacturing town, and Liverpool, the commercial town — or injure each other by competition where their advantages are of the same kind. Thus the town of Libourne, which stands on the Dordogne, only a little distance from Bordeaux, but just on the other side of the neck of land that separates

the Dordogne from the Garonne, might have rendered the same services to trade and navigation that Bordeaux actually renders; but the neighborhood of Bordeaux has been her ruin; she has been eaten up, so to speak, by her rival, has almost completely lost her maritime importance, and is little else but a halting-place for travellers.

There is another remarkable fact which must be taken into account — the way in which the geographic force, like that of heat or electricity, can be transported to a distance, can act at a point remote from its centre, and may even give birth, so to speak, to a secondary city more favorably placed than the first. We may instance the port of Alexandria, which, in spite of its distance from the Nile, is nevertheless the emporium of the whole Nile basin, in the same way as Venice is the port of the Paduan plain, and Marseilles that of the valley of the Rhone.

Next to the advantages of climate and soil come the subterranean riches which sometimes exert a decisive influence on the position of towns. A town rises suddenly on an obviously unfavorable site, where the ground is nevertheless rich in quarrying stone, in pottery clay, or marbles, in chemical substances, in metals, in combustible minerals. Thus Potosí, Cerro de Pasco, Virginia City, have sprung up in regions where, but for the presence of veins of silver, no city could ever have been founded. Merthyr Tydvil, Creuzot, Essen, Scranton, are creations of the coal measures. All the hitherto unused natural forces are giving rise to new cities in precisely the places which were formerly avoided, now at the foot of the cataract, as at Ottawa, now among the high mountains, within reach of the natural conduits of electricity, as in many Swiss valleys. Each new acquisition of man creates a new point of vitality, just as each new organ forms for itself new nervous centres.

In proportion as the domain of civilization expands and these attractions make themselves felt over a wider area, the towns, belonging themselves to a larger organism, may add to the

special advantages which have given them birth, advantages of a more general kind, which may secure them an historical rôle of the first importance. Thus Rome, already occupying a central position in relation to the country enclosed within the semicircle of the volcanic Latin hills, found herself also placed in the centre of the oval formed by the Apennines; and later, after the conquest of Italy, her territory occupied the median point of the whole peninsula bounded by the Alps, and marked almost exactly the half-way station between the two extremities of the Mediterranean, the mouths of the Nile and the Straits of Gibraltar. Paris, again, so finely situated near a triple confluence of the waters, at the centre of an almost insular river-basin, and towards the middle of a concentric series of geological formations, each containing its special products, has also the great advantage of standing at the convergence of two historic roads—the road from Spain by Bayonne and Bordeaux, and the road from Italy by Lyons, Marseilles, and the Cornice; while at the same time it embodies and individualizes all the forces of France in relation to her western neighbors—England, the Netherlands, and northern Germany. A mere fishing-station at first between two narrow arms of the Seine, the opportunities of Paris were limited to her nets, her barges, and her fertile plain that stretches from the Mont des Martyrs to Mont Geneviève. Next, her confluence of rivers and streams—the Seine, the Marne, the Oureq, the Bièvre—turned her into a fair or market; and the convergent valley of the Oise added its traffic to the rest. The concentric formations developed around the ancient sea-bottom gradually gave an economic importance to their natural centre, and the historic road between the Mediterranean and the ocean made her the nucleus of its traffic.

Of the local advantages of London, seated at the head of the maritime navigation of the Thames, there is little need to speak; for has she not the further privilege of being of all cities of

the world the most central—the one most readily accessible, on the whole, from all parts of the globe?

In his interesting work on "The Geographical Position of the Capitals of Europe," J. G. Kohl shows how Berlin—long a mere village, without other merit than that of affording to the natives an easy passage between the marshes and a solid footing on an islet of the Spree—came, in the process of the historical development of the country, to occupy, upon a navigable waterway of lakes and canals, the half-way station between the Oder and the Elbe, where all the great diagonal highroads of the country naturally meet and cross, from Leipzig to Stettin, from Breslau to Hamburg. In earlier times the Oder, where it reaches the point at which Frankfort now stands, did not turn off sharply to the right to fall into the Baltic, but continued its course in a north-easterly direction, and emptied itself into the North Sea. This immense river, more than six hundred miles long, passed the very spot now occupied by Berlin, which stands almost in the middle of its ancient valley. The Spree, with its pools and marshes, is but the vestige of that mighty watercourse. The German capital, dominating, as it does, the course of both rivers, commands also the two seas, from Memel to Embden; and it is this position, far more than any artificial centralization, which gives it its power of attraction. Besides, like all the great cities of the modern world, Berlin has multiplied her natural advantages tenfold, by the converging railway lines which draw the commerce of her own and other countries to her marts and warehouses.

But the development of the capital is, after all, facitious to a great extent; the administrative favors bestowed on it, the crowd of courtiers, functionaries, politicians, soldiers, and all the interested mob that presses round them, give it a too distinctive character to admit of its being studied as a type. It is safer reasoning from the life of cities which owe their oscil-

lations to purely geographical and historical conditions. There is no more fruitful study for the historian than that of a city whose annals, together with the aspect of the place itself, permit him to verify on the spot the historical changes which have all taken place in accordance with a certain rhythmic rule.

Under such conditions one sees the scene evolve before one's eyes; the fisher's hut; the gardener's hut close by; then a few farms dotting the country-side, a mill-wheel turning in the stream; later on, a watch-tower hanging on the hill. On the other side of the river, where the prow of the ferry-boat has just grazed the bank, some one is building a new hut; an inn, a little shop close to the boatman's house, invite the passenger and the buyer; then on its levelled terrace the market-place springs up, conspicuous amongst the rest. A broadening track, beaten by the feet of men and animals, runs down from the market-place to the river; a winding path begins to climb the hill; the roadways of the future become distinguishable in the trodden grass of the fields, and houses take possession of the green wayside where the cross-roads meet. The little oratory becomes a church; the open scaffolding of the watch-tower gives place to the fortress, the barrack, or the palace; the village grows into a town, and the town into a city. The true way to visit one of these urban agglomerations which has lived a long historic life, is to examine it in the order of its growth, beginning with the site—generally consecrated by some legend—which has served it as a cradle, and ending with its last improvements in factories and warehouses. Every town has its individual character, its personal life, a complexion of its own. One is gay and animated; another keeps a pervading melancholy. Generation after generation, as it passes, leaves behind it this inheritance of character. There are cities that freeze you as you enter with their look of stony hostility; there are others where you are blithe and buoyant as at the sight of a friend.

Other contrasts present themselves in the modes of growth of different cities. Following the direction and importance of its overland commerce, the town projects its suburbs like tentacles along the country roads; if it stands on a river it spreads far down the bank near the places of anchorage and embarkation. One is often struck by the marked inequality of two riverside parts of a city which seem equally well situated to attract the population; but here the cause must be sought in the direction of the current. Thus the plan of Bordeaux suggests at once that the true centre of the inhabited circle should have been on the right bank of the river, at the place occupied by the small suburb of La Bastide. But here the Garonne describes a mighty curve, and sweeps its waters along the quays of the left bank; and where the life of the river flings its force, the life of commerce is necessarily carried with it. The population follows the deeper current, and avoids the oozy banks of the opposite shore.

It has often been suggested that towns have a constant tendency to grow westward. This fact—which is true in many cases—is easily explained, so far as the countries of western Europe and others of similar climate are concerned, since the western side is the side directly exposed to the purer winds. The inhabitants of these quarters have less to fear from disease than those at the other extremity of the town, where the wind comes laden with impurities from its passage over innumerable chimneys, mouths of sewers, and the like, and with the breath of thousands or millions of human beings. Besides, it must not be forgotten that the rich, the idle, and the artist, who have leisure to take in the full delight of the open sky, are much more apt to enjoy the beauties of the twilight than those of the dawn; consciously or unconsciously, they follow the movement of the sun from east to west, and love to see it disappear at last in the resplendent clouds of evening. But there are many exceptions to this normal growth in the direction

of the sun. The form and relief of the soil, the charm of the landscape, the direction of the running waters, the attraction of local industries and commerce, may solicit the advance of men towards any point of the horizon.

By the very fact of its development, the city, like any other organism, tends to die. Subject like the rest to the conditions of time, it finds itself already old while other towns are springing up around it, impatient to live their life in their turn. By force of habit, indeed by the common will of its inhabitants, and by the attraction that every such centre exerts upon the surrounding neighborhood, it tries to live on; but—not to speak of the mortal accidents which may happen to cities as to men—no human group can incessantly repair its waste and renew its youth without a heavier and heavier expenditure of effort; and sometimes it gets tired. The city must widen its streets and its squares, rebuild its walls, and replace its old and now useless buildings with structures answering to the requirements of the time. While the American town springs into being full-armed and perfectly adapted to its surroundings, Paris—old, encumbered, dirt-encrusted—must keep up a laborious process of reconstruction, which, in the struggle for existence, places her at a great disadvantage in comparison with young cities like New York and Chicago. For the self-same reasons the huge cities of the Euphrates and the Nile, Babylon and Nineveh, Memphis and Cairo, found themselves successively displaced. Each of these cities—while, thanks to the advantages of its position, it retained its historical importance—was forced to abandon its superannuated quarters and shift its basis further on, in order to escape from its own rubbish, or even from the pestilence arising from its heaps of refuse. Generally speaking, the abandoned site of a town which has moved on is found to be covered with graves.

Other causes of decay, more serious than these, because arising out of the natural development of history, have

overtaken many a once famous city; circumstances analogous to those of its birth have rendered its destruction inevitable. Thus the superseding of an old highroad or crossway by some improved mode of conveyance may destroy at one blow a town created by the necessities of transport. Alexandria ruined Pelusium; Carthage in the West Indies gave Puerto Bello back to the solitude of its forests. The demands of commerce and the suppression of piracy have changed the sites of almost all the towns built on the rocky shores of the Mediterranean. Formerly they were perched on rugged hills and girt with thick walls, to defend them from the seigneurs and the corsairs; now they have come down from their fortresses and spread themselves out along the seashore. Everywhere the citadel is exchanged for the esplanade; the Acropolis has come down to the Piræus.

In our societies, where political institutions have often given a preponderating influence to the will of a single person, it has frequently happened that the caprice of the sovereign has founded a city in a spot where it could never have sprung up of itself. Thus planted on an unnatural site, the new city has not been able to develop without a tremendous waste of living force. Madrid and St. Petersburg, for example, whose primitive huts and hamlets would never have grown into the populous cities of to-day but for Charles the Fifth and Peter the First, were built at an enormous cost. Yet, if they owe their creation to despotism, it is to the associated toil of men that they owe the advantages which have enabled them to live on as if they had had a normal origin; and though the natural relief of the soil had never destined them to become centres of human life, centres they are, thanks to the convergence of artificial communications—roads, railways, and canals—and the interchange of thought. For geography is not an immutable thing; it makes and remakes itself day by day; it is modified every hour by the action of men.

But nowadays we hear no more of Cæsars building cities for themselves; the city-builders of to-day are the great capitalists, the speculators, the presidents of financial syndicates. We see new towns spring up in a few months, covering a wide surface, marvellously laid out, splendidly furnished with all the implements of modern life; the school and the museum, even, are not wanting. If the spot is well chosen, these new creations are soon drawn into the general movement of the life of the nations, and Creuzot, Crewe, Barrow-in-Furness, Denver, La Plata, take rank among the recognized centres of population. But if the site is a bad one, the new towns die with the special interests that gave them birth. Cheyenne City, ceasing to be a railway terminus, sends its cottages forward, so to speak, by the next train; and Carson City disappears with the exhausted silver mines which alone had peopled that hideous desert.

But if the caprice of capital sometimes attempts to found cities which the general interests of society condemn to perish, on the other hand it destroys many small centres of population which only ask to live. In the outskirts of Paris itself, do we not see a great banker and landed proprietor adding year by year another two or three hundred acres to his domain, systematically changing cultivated land into plantations, and destroying whole villages to replace them by keepers' lodges built at convenient distances?

Amongst the towns of wholly or partially artificial origin, which answer to no real need of industrial society, must be mentioned also those which exist for purposes of war, at any rate those which have been built in our own day by the great centralized States. It was not so in the days when the city was capable of containing the whole nation, when it was absolutely necessary for purposes of defence to build ramparts following the exterior outline of all quarters of the town, to construct watch-towers at the angles, and to erect alongside the temple, on the summit of the protecting hill, a citadel

where the whole body of the citizens could take refuge in case of danger; and when, if the town were separated from its port by a strip of intervening country—as at Athens, Megara, or Corinth—the road from the one to the other must itself be protected by long walls. The whole pile of fortifications explained itself by the nature of things, and took a natural and picturesque place in the landscape. But in our days of extreme division of labor, when the military power has become practically independent of the nation, and no civilian dare advise or meddle in matters of strategy, most fortified towns have a quite unnatural form, in no sort of agreement with the undulations of the soil; they cut the landscape with an outline offensive to the eye. Some of the old Italian engineers at least attempted to give a symmetrical outline to their fortifications by shaping them like an immense cross or star of honor, with its rays, its jewels, its enamels; the white walls of its bastions and redans contrasting regularly with the calm and large placidity of the open fields. But our modern fortresses have no ambition to be beautiful; the thought never enters the head of the strategist; and a mere glance at the plan of the fortifications reveals their monstrous ugliness, their total want of harmony with their surroundings. Instead of following the natural outlines of the country and stretching their arms freely into the fields below, they sit all of a heap, like creatures with cropped ears and amputated limbs. Look at the melancholy form that military science has given to Lille, to Metz, to Strasburg! Even Paris, with all the beauty of her buildings, the grace of her promenades, the charm of her people, is spoilt by her brutal setting in a framework of fortifications. Released from that unpleasant oval in broken lines, the city might have expanded in a natural and æsthetic manner, and taken the simple and gracious form suggested by nature and life.

Another cause of ugliness in our modern towns springs from the inva-

sion of the great manufacturing industries. Almost every town we have is encumbered with one or more suburbs bristling with stinking chimneys, where immense buildings skirt the blackened streets with walls either bare and blind, or pierced, in sickening symmetry, with innumerable windows. The ground trembles under the groaning machinery and beneath the weight of wagons, drays, and luggage trains. How many towns there are, especially in young America, where the air is almost unbreathable, and where everything within sight—the ground, the walls, the sky—seems to sweat mud and soot! Who can recall without a horror of disgust a mining colony like that sinuous and interminable Scranton, whose seventy thousand inhabitants have not so much as a few acres of foul turf and blackened foliage to clear their lungs? And that enormous Pittsburg with its semi-circular coronet of suburbs fuming and flaming overhead, how is it possible to imagine it under a filthier atmosphere than now, though the inhabitants aver that it has gained both in cleanliness and light since the introduction of natural gas into its furnaces? Other towns, less black than these, are scarcely less hideous, from the fact that the railway companies have taken possession of streets, squares, and avenues, and send their locomotives snorting and hissing along the roads, and scattering the people right and left from their course. Some of the loveliest sites on the earth have been thus desecrated. At Buffalo, for instance, the passenger strives in vain to follow the bank of the wonderful Niagara across a wilderness of rails and quagmires and slimy canals, of gravel heaps and dunghills, and all the other impurities of the city.

Another barbarous speculation is that which sacrifices the beauty of the streets by letting the ground in lots, on which the contractors build whole districts, designed beforehand by architects who have never so much as visited the spot, far less taken the trouble to consult the future inhabi-

tants. They erect here a Gothic church for the Episcopalians, there a Norman structure for the Presbyterians, and a little further on a sort of Pantheon for the Baptists; they map out their streets in squares and lozenges, varying grotesquely the geometrical designs of the interspaces and the style of the houses, while religiously reserving the best corners for the grog-shops. The absurdity of the whole heterogeneous mixture is aggravated in most of our cities by the intervention of official art, which insists on the types of architecture following a given pattern.

But even if the rich contractor and the official Mæcenæ were always men of cultivated taste, the towns would still present a painful contrast between luxury and squalor, between the sumptuous and insolent splendor of some quarters, and the sordid misery of others, where the low and crooked walls hide courts oozing with damp, and starving families crouched under tumble-down styes of lath or stone. Even in towns where the authorities seek to veil all this behind a decent mask of whitewashed enclosures, misery still stalks outside, and one knows that death is carrying on its cruel work within. Which of our cities has not its Whitechapel and its Mile End Road? Handsome and imposing as they may be to the outward eye, each has its secret or apparent vices, its fatal defect, its chronic malady which must end by killing it, unless a free and pure circulation can be re-established throughout the whole organism. But from this point of view the question of public buildings involves the whole social question itself. Will the time ever come when all men, without exception, shall breathe fresh air in abundance, enjoy the light and sunshine, taste the coolness of the shade and the scent of roses, and feed their children without fear that the bread will run short in the bin? At any rate, all those of us who have not reserved their ideal for a future life, but think a little also of the present existence of man, must regard as intolerable any ideal of society which does not

include the deliverance of humanity from mere hunger.

For the rest, those who govern the cities are mostly governed themselves — often against their will — by the very just idea that the town is a collective organism, of which every separate cellule has to be kept in perfect health. The great business of municipalities is always that which relates to sanitation. History warns them that disease is no respecter of persons, and that it is dangerous to leave the pestilence to depopulate the hovels at the back door of the palace. In some places they go so far as to demolish the infected quarters altogether, not considering that the families they expel can only rebuild their habitations a little further on, and perhaps carry the poison into more wholesome regions. But, even where these sinks of disease are left untouched, everybody agrees as to the importance of a thorough general sanitation — the cleansing of the streets, the opening of gardens and grassy spaces shadowed by tall trees, the instant removal of refuse, and the supply of pure and abundant water to every district and every house. In matters of this kind a peaceful competition is going on among the towns of the more advanced nations, and each is trying its particular experiments in the way of cleanliness and comfort. The definitive formula, indeed, has not yet been found; for the urban organism cannot be made to carry on its provisioning, its sanguine and nervous circulation, the repair of its forces and the expulsion of its waste, by an automatic process. But at least, many towns have been so far improved that life there is wholesomer on the average than that of many country places where the inhabitants breathe day by day the reek of the dunghill, and live in primitive ignorance of the simplest laws of hygiene.

The consciousness of a collective urban life is shown, again, by the artistic efforts of the municipalities. Like ancient Athens, like Florence and the other free cities of the Middle Ages, every one of our modern towns

is bent on beautifying itself; hardly the humblest village is without its bell-tower, its column, or its sculptured fountain. Dismally bad art it is, most of it, this work designed by qualified professors under the supervision of a committee; and the more ignorant, the more certain it is to be pretentious. Real art would go its own way and not be tied to the lines laid down by a highways committee. These little gentlemen of the municipal councils are like the Roman General Mummius, who was quite willing to give orders that his soldiers should repaint every picture they injured; they mistake symmetry for beauty, and think that identical reproductions will give their towns a Parthenon or a St. Mark's.

And even if they could indeed recreate such works as they require their architects to copy, it would be none the less an outrage on nature; for no building is complete without the atmosphere of time and place that gave it birth. Every town has its own life, its own features, its own form; with what veneration should the builder approach it! It is a sort of offence against the person to take away the individuality of a town, and overlay it with conventional buildings and contradictory monuments out of all relation to its actual character and history. We are told that in Edinburgh, the lovely Scottish capital, pious hands are at work in quite another way; breaking in upon its picturesque but unclean wynds, and transforming them gradually, house by house — leaving every inhabitant at home as before, but in a cleaner and more beautiful home, where the air and light come through; grouping friends with friends, and giving them places of reunion for social intercourse and the enjoyment of art. Little by little a whole street, retaining its original character, only without the dirt and smells, comes out fresh and crisp, like the flower springing clean beneath the foot without a single sod being stirred around the mother plant.

Thus, by destruction or by restoration, the towns are forever being renewed where they stand; and this

process will doubtless go on accelerating under the pressure of the inhabitants themselves. As men modify their own ideal of life, they must necessarily change, in accordance with it, that ampler corporeity which constitutes their dwelling. The town reflects the spirit of the society which creates it. If peace and good-will establish themselves among men, there can be no doubt that the disposition and aspect of the cities will respond to the new needs which will spring out of the great reconciliation. In the first place, the hopelessly sordid and unhealthy parts of the city will be improved off the face of the earth, or will be represented only by groups of houses freely planted among trees, pleasant to look at, full of light and air. The richer quarters, now handsome to the eye, but often both inconvenient and insanitary nevertheless, will be similarly transformed. The hostile or exclusive character which the spirit of individual ownership now gives to private dwellings will have disappeared; the gardens will no longer be hidden out of sight by inhospitable walls; the lawns and flower-beds and plantations which surround the houses will run down by shady walks to the public promenades outside, as they do already in some English and American university towns. The predominance of the common life over a strictly enclosed and jealously guarded privacy will have attached many a private house to an organic group of schools or phalansteries. Here also large spaces will be thrown open to admit the air and give a better appearance to the whole.

Obviously, the towns which are already growing so fast will grow yet faster, or rather they will melt gradually into the distant country, and throughout the length and breadth of the land the provinces will be scattered with houses which in spite of the distance, really belong to the town. London, compact as it is in its central districts, is a splendid example of this dispersion of the urban population among the fields and forests for a hundred miles round, and even down to

the seaside. Hundreds of thousands of people who have their business in town, and who, as far as their work is concerned, are active citizens, pass their hours of repose and domestic fellowship under the shadow of tall trees, by running brooks, or within sound of the dashing waves. The very heart of London, "the City" properly so-called, is little but a great exchange by day, depopulated by night; the active centres of government, of legislation, of science and art, cluster round this great focus of energy, increasing year by year, and elbowing out the resident population into the suburbs. It is the same again in Paris, where the central nucleus, with its barracks, its tribunals, and its prisons, presents a military and strategical rather than a residential aspect.

The normal development of the great towns, according to our modern ideal, consists, then, in combining the advantages of town and country life—the air and scenery and delightful solitude of the one with the facile communication and the subterranean service of force, light, and water which belong to the other. What was once the most densely inhabited part of the city is precisely the part which is now becoming deserted, because it is becoming common property, or at least a common centre of intermittent life. Too useful to the mass of the citizens to be monopolized by private families, the heart of the city is the patrimony of all. It is the same, for the same reasons, with the subordinate nuclei of population; and the community claims, besides, the use of the open spaces of the city for public meetings and open-air celebrations. Every town should have its agora, where all who are animated by a common passion can meet together. Such an agora is Hyde Park, which, with a little packing, could hold a million persons.

For other reasons, again, the city tends to become less dense, and to open out a little in its central regions. Many institutions originally planted in the heart of the town are moving out into the country. Schools, colleges,

hospitals, almshouses, convents, are out of place in a city. Only the district schools should be retained within its limits, and these surrounded with gardens; and only such hospitals as are absolutely indispensable for accidents or sudden illness. The transferred establishments are still dependencies of the town, detached from it in point of place, but continuing their vital relation with it; they are so many fragments of the city planted out in the country. The only obstacle to the indefinite extension of the towns and their perfect fusion with the country comes not so much from the distance as the costliness of communication, for, in less time than it takes to walk from one end of the town to the other, one may reach by rail the solitude of the fields or the sea at a distance of sixty or seventy miles. But this limitation to the free use of the railroad by the poor is gradually giving way before the advance of social evolution.

Thus the type of the ancient town, sharply outlined by walls and fosses, tends more and more to disappear. While the countryman becomes more and more a citizen in thought and mode of life, the citizen turns his face to the country and aspires to be a countryman. By virtue of its very growth, the modern town loses its isolated existence and tends to merge itself with other towns, and to recover the original relation that united the rising marketplace with the country from which it sprang. Man must have the double advantage of access to the delights of the town, with its solidarity of thought and interest, its opportunities of study, and the pursuit of art, and, with this, the liberty that lives in the liberty of nature and finds scope in the range of her ample horizon.

From Temple Bar.
THE GIRL WHO BELIEVED IN THE
SAINTS.

MARIE VERINE was a good girl, but she was not beautiful nor clever. She lived with her mother in one flat of an

ordinary-looking house in a small Swiss town. Had they been poorer or richer there might have been something picturesque about their way of life, but, as it was, there was nothing. Their pleasures were few and simple; yet they were happier than most people are—but this they did not know.

"It is a pity we are not richer and have not more friends," Madame Verine would remark, "for then we could perhaps get Marie a husband; as it is, there is no chance."

Madame Verine usually made this remark to the Russian lady who lived up-stairs. The Russian lady had a name that could not be pronounced; she spoke many languages, and took an interest in everything. She would reply:—

"No husband! It is small loss. I have seen much of the world."

Marie had seen little of the world, and she did not believe the Russian lady. She never said anything about it, except at her prayers, and then she used to ask the saints to pray for her that she might have a husband.

Now, in a village about half a day's journey from the town where Marie dwelt, there lived a young girl whose name was Céleste. Her mother had named her thus because her eyes were blue as the sky above, and her face was round as the round moon, and her hair and eyelashes were like sunbeams, or like moonlight when it shines in yellow halo through the curly edges of summer clouds. The good people of this village were a hard-working, hard-headed set of men and women. While Céleste's father lived they had waxed proud about her beauty, for undoubtedly she was a credit to the place; but when her parents died, and left her needy, they said she must go to the town and earn her living.

Céleste laughed in her sleeve when they told her this, because young Ferdinand, the son of the innkeeper, had been wooing and winning her heart, in a quiet way, for many a day; and now she believed in him, and felt sure that he would speak his love aloud and take her home to his parents. To be sure,

it was unknown in that country for a man who had money to marry a girl who had none; but Fernand was strong to work and to plan; Céleste knew that he could do what he liked.

It was the time when the April sun smiles upon the meadow grass till it is very green and long enough to wave in the wind, and all amongst it the blue scilla flowers are like dewdrops reflecting the blue that hangs above the gnarled arms of the still leafless walnut-trees. The cottage where Céleste lived was out from the village, among the meadows, and to the most hidden side of it young Fernand came on the eve of the day on which she must leave it forever. Very far off the snow mountains had taken on their second flush of evening red before he came, and Céleste had grown weary waiting.

"Good-bye," said Fernand. He was always a somewhat stiff and formal young man, and to-night he was ill at ease.

"But," cried Céleste — and here she wept — "you have made me love you. I love no one in the world but you."

"You are foolish," said he. "It is, of course, a pity that we must part, but it cannot be helped. You have no dowry, not even a small one. It would be unthrifty for the son of an innkeeper to marry a girl without a sou. My parents would not allow me to act so madly!" and his manner added — "nor would I be so foolish myself."

Next day Céleste went up to the town, and went into the market-place to be hired as a servant.

This was the day of the Spring hiring. Many servants were wanting work, and they stood in the market-place. All around were the old houses of the square; there was the church and the pastor's house, and the house and office of the notary, and many other houses standing very close together, with high-peaked roofs and gable windows. The sun shone down, lighting the roofs, throwing eaves and niches into strong shadow, gleaming upon yellow bowls and dishes, upon

gay calicoes, upon cheese and sausages, on all bright things displayed on the open market-stalls, and upon the faces of the maidservants who stood to be hired. Many ladies of the town went about seeking servants; among them was Madame Verine, and the Russian lady and Marie were with her. When they came in front of Céleste they all stopped.

"Ah, what eyes!" said the Russian lady — "what simple, innocent, trustful eyes! In these days how rare!"

"She is like a flower," said Marie.

Now, they quickly found out that Céleste knew very little about the work she would have to do; it was because of this she had not yet found a mistress.

"I myself would delight to teach her," cried the Russian lady.

"And I," cried Marie. So Madame Verine took her home.

They taught Céleste many things. Marie taught her to cook and to sew; the Russian lady taught her to write and to cypher, and was surprised at the progress she made, especially in writing. Céleste was the more interesting to them because there was just a shade of sadness in her eye. One day she told Marie why she was sad; it was the story of Fernand, how he had used her ill.

"What a shame!" cried Marie, when the brief facts were repeated.

"It is the way of the country," said the Russian lady. "These Swiss peasants, who have so fair a reputation for sobriety, are mercenary above all; they have no heart."

Céleste lived with Madame Verine for one year. At the end of that time Madame Verine arose one morning to find the breakfast was not cooked, nor the fire lit. In the midst of disorder stood Céleste, with flushed cheeks and startled eyes, and a letter in her hand.

"Ah, madame," she faltered, "what surprise! The letter, it is from monsieur the notary, who lives in the market-place, and to me, madame — to me!"

When Madame Verine took the let-

ter she found told therein that an aunt of Céleste's, who had lived far off in the Jura, was dead and had left to Céleste a little fortune of five thousand francs, which was to be paid to her when she was twenty-one, or on her marriage day.

"Ah," cried Céleste, weeping, "can it be true? Can it be true?"

"Of course, since monsieur the notary says so."

"Ah, madame; let me run and see monsieur the notary. Let me just ask him, and hear from his lips that it is true!"

So she ran out into the town, with her apron over her head, and Marie made the breakfast.

The Russian lady came down to talk it over. "The pretty child is distraught, and at *so small* a piece of good fortune!" said she.

But when Céleste came in she was more composed. "It is true," she said, with gentle joy, and she stood before them breathless and blushing.

"It will be three years before you are twenty-one," said Madame Verine; "you will remain with me."

"If you please, madame, no," said Céleste, modestly casting down her eyes; "I must go to my native village."

"How!" they cried. "To whom will you go?"

Céleste blushed the more deeply, and twisted her apron. "I have good clothes; I have saved my year's wages. I will put up at the inn. The wife of the innkeeper will be a mother to me now I can pay for my lodging."

At which Madame Verine looked at the Russian lady, and that lady looked at her, and said behind her hand, "Such a baby, and so clever! It is the mere instinct of wisdom; it cannot be called forethought."

It is to be observed that, all the world over, however carefully a mistress may guard her maidservant, no great responsibility is felt when the engagement is broken. Madame Verine shrugged her shoulders and got another servant. Céleste went down to her village.

After that, when Marie walked in the market-place, she used to like to look at the notary's house, and at him, if she could espy him in the street. The house was a fine one, and the notary, in spite of iron-grey hair and a keen eye, good-looking; but that was not why Marie was interested; it was because he and his office seemed connected with the romance of life — with Céleste's good fortune.

When summer days grew long, Madame Verine, her friend and daughter, took a day's holiday, and out of good nature they went to see Céleste.

"Céleste lives like a grand lady now," cried the innkeeper's wife on being questioned. "She will have me take her coffee to her in bed each morning."

"The wages she has saved will not hold out long," said the visitors.

"When that is finished she gives us her note of hand for the money she will get when she is married. She has shown us the notary's letter. It is certainly a tidy sum she will have, and our son has some thoughts of marrying."

They saw Céleste, who was radiant; they saw young Fernand, who was paying his court to her. They returned home satisfied.

It was not long after that when one morning Céleste came into Madame Verine's house; she was weeping on account of the loss of some of her money. She had come up to town, she said, to buy her wedding clothes, for which the notary had been so good as to advance her a hundred francs, but her pocket had been picked in the train. The money was gone — quite gone — alas!

So tearful was she that they lent her some money — not much, but a little. Then she dried her eyes, and said she would also get some things on credit, promising to pay in a month, for it was then she was to be married. At the end of the day she came back gaily to show her treasures.

"When the rejoicings of your wedding are over," said Madame Verine, "and your husband brings you to town

to claim the money, you may stay here in the upper room of this house—it is an invitation.”

In a month came the wedding pair, joyful and blooming. The Russian lady made them a supper. They lodged in an attic room that Madame Verine rented. In the morning they went out, dressed in their best, to see the notary.

An hour later Madame Verine sat in her little *salon*. The floor was of polished wood; it shone in the morning light; so did all the polished curves of the chairs and cabinets. Marie was practising exercises on the piano.

They heard a heavy step on the stair. The bridegroom came into the room, agitated, unable to ask permission to enter. He strode across the floor and sat down weakly before the ladies.

They thought he had been drinking wine, but this was not so, although his eye was bloodshot and his voice unsteady.

“Can you believe it!” he cried, “the notary never wrote the letter; there was no aunt; there is no money!”

“It is incredible,” said Madame Verine, and then there was a pause of great astonishment.

“It is impossible!” cried the Russian lady, who had come in.

“It is true,” said the bridegroom hoarsely; and he wept.

And now Céleste herself came into the house. She came within the room, and looked at the ladies, who stood with hands upraised, and at her weeping husband. If you have ever enticed a rosy-faced child to bathe in the sea, and seen it stand half breathless, half terrified, yet trying hard to be brave, you know just the expression that was on the face of the child-like deceiver. With baby-like courage she smiled upon them all.

Now the next person who entered the room was the notary himself. He was a gentleman of manners; he bowed with great gallantry to the ladies, not excepting Céleste.

“She is a child, and has had no chance to learn the arts of cunning,”

cried the Russian lady, who had thought that she knew the world.

The notary bowed to her in particular. “Madame, the true artist is born, not made.”

Then he looked at Céleste again. There were two kinds of admiration in his glance—one for her face, the other for her cleverness. He looked at the weeping husband with no admiration at all, but the purpose in his mind was steady as his clear grey eye, unmoved by emotion.

“I have taken the trouble to walk so far,” said he, “to tell this young man what, perhaps, I ought to have mentioned when he was at my office. Happily, the evil can be remedied. It is the law of our land that if the fortune has been misrepresented, a divorce can be obtained.”

Céleste’s courage vanished with her triumph. She covered her face. The husband had turned round; he was looking eagerly at the notary and at his cowering bride.

“Ah, Heaven!” cried the two matrons, “must it be?”

“I have walked so far to advise,” said the notary.

All this time Marie was sitting upon the piano-stool; she had turned it half-way round so that she could look at the people. She was not pretty, but, as the morning light struck full upon her face, she had the comeliness that youth and health always must have; and more than that, there was the light of a beautiful soul shining through her eyes, for Marie was gentle and submissive, but her mind and spirit were also strong; the individual character that had grown in silence now began to assert itself with all the beauty of a new thing in the world. Marie had never acted for herself before.

She began to speak to the notary simply, eagerly, as one who could no longer keep silence.

“It would be wrong to separate them, monsieur.”

Madame Verine chid Marie; the notary, no doubt just because he was a man and polite, answered her.

“This brave young fellow does not

deserve to be thus fooled. I shall be glad to lend him my aid to extricate himself."

"He does deserve it," cried Marie. "Long ago he pretended to have love for her, just for the pleasure of it, when he had not—that is worse than pretending to have money! And in any case, it is a *wicked* law, monsieur, that would grant a divorce when they are married, and—look now—left to himself he will forgive her, but he is catching at what you say. You have come here to tempt him! You dare not go on, monsieur!"

"Dare not, mademoiselle?" said the notary, with a superior air.

"No, monsieur. Think of what the good God and the holy saints would say! This poor girl has brought much punishment on herself, but—ah, monsieur, think of the verdict of Heaven!"

"Mademoiselle," said the notary haughtily, "I was proposing nothing but justice; but it is no affair of mine." And with that he went out brusquely—very brusquely for a gentleman of such polite manners.

"I am astonished at you, Marie," said Madame Verine. This was true, but it was meant as a reproach.

"She is beside herself with compassion," said the Russian lady, "but that is just what men of the world despise most."

Then Marie went to her room weeping, and the two ladies talked to Céleste till her soft face had hard lines about the mouth and her eyes were defiant. Young Fernand slipped out and went again to the market-place.

"I come to ask your aid, monsieur the notary."

"I do not advise you."

"But, monsieur, to whom else can I apply?"

"I am too busy," said the notary.

Fernand and Céleste walked back to their village, hand in hand, both downcast, both peevish, but still together.

Now the notary was not what might be called a bad man himself, but he believed that the world was very bad. He had seen much to confirm this be-

lief, and had not looked in the right place to find any facts that would contradict it. This belief had made him hard and sometimes even dishonest in his dealings with men; for what is the use of being good in a world that can neither comprehend goodness nor admire it? On the whole, the notary was much better satisfied with himself than with human nature around him, although, if he had only known it, he himself had grown to be the reflex—the image as in a mirror—of what he thought other men were; it is always so. There was just this much truth in him at the bottom of his scorn and grumbling—he flattered himself that if he could see undoubted virtue he could admire it; and there was in him that possibility of grace.

After he left Madame Verine's door he thought with irritation of the girl who had rebuked him. Then he began to remember that she was only a woman and very young, and she had appealed to his heart—ah, yes, he had a heart. After all, he was not sure but that her appeal was charming. Then he thought of her with admiration. This was not the result of Marie's words—words in themselves are nothing; it is the personality of the speaker that makes them live or die, and personality is strongest when nourished long in virtue and silence and prayer. When it came to pass that the notary actually did the thing Marie told him to do, he began to think of her even with tenderness in his heart.

Now a very strange thing happened. In about a week the notary called on Madame Verine a second time; he greeted her with all ceremony, and then he sat down on a little stiff chair and explained his business in his own brief, dry way.

Marie was not there. The little *salon*, all polished and shining, gave faint lights and shadows in answer to every movement of its inmates. Madame Verine, in a voluminous silk gown, sat all attention, looking at the notary; she thought he was a very fine man, quite a great personage, and undoubtedly handsome.

"Madame," began he, "I am, as you know, at middle age, yet a bachelor, and the reason, to be plain with you, is that I have not believed in women. Pardon me, I would not be rude, but I am a business man. I have no delusions left, yet it has occurred to me that a young woman who would make the lives of the saints her rule of life—I do not believe in such things myself, but—in short, madame, I ask for your daughter in marriage."

He said it as if he was doing quite a kind thing, as, indeed, he thought he was. Madame Verine thought so too, and with great astonishment, and even some apologies, gave away her daughter with grateful smiles.

Marie was married to the notary, and he made her very happy. At first she was happy because he had good manners and she had such a loving heart that she loved him. After a few years he found out that she was too good for him, and then he became a better man.

L. DOUGALL.

From The Scottish Review.

RURAL SCOTLAND IN THE FIRST HALF OF LAST CENTURY.

THE eighteenth century opened in Scotland with dark and dismal prospects. From one end of the country to the other of its population of one million one hundred thousand the poorer classes were in misery, hunger, and in the shadow of death. The seasons since August, 1696, had been seasons of blight and famine; and memories of these "dark years" or "ill years"—as they were significantly called—lingered in the popular mind for generations after. During these disastrous times the crops were blighted by easterly "haars" or mists, by sunless drenching summers, followed by early bitter frosts and snow in autumns. For seven years this calamitous weather continued—the corn never ripening, and the green withered grain being shorn in December amidst the pouring rain or storms of snow. Even in Jan-

uary and February, in some districts many of the starving people were still trying to reap some of their ruined crops of oats, and were bitten by the frosts, and perished of weakness, hunger, and cold. The sheep and oxen died in thousands; the prices of everything amongst a people that had nothing rose rapidly to famine pitch, and a large proportion of the rural population was destroyed by want and disease. During these "ill years," as starvation stared the people in the face, the instincts of self-preservation at times mastered all other feelings, and even natural affection became extinct in men and women forced to prowl and fight for food like wild beasts. Some in the north sold their children to the plantations for provisions;¹ men struggled with their sisters for a morsel of oat bannock; and many were so weak and dispirited that they had neither heart nor strength to bury their dead. A man is seen carrying the corpse of his father on his back half way to the churchyard, and then throwing it down at a farmer's door, exclaims, "I can carry it no farther; for God's sake bury the body or put it if you like on the dyke of your kail-yard to keep out the sheep!"² On the road were seen dead men with a morsel of raw flesh in their mouths, and dying mothers with starved infants which sucked at the cold, dry breasts; while numbers dreading lest their bodies should lie exposed, crawled, when they felt the approach of death, to the kirkyard that they might have a better chance of being buried when they died. In these very churchyards,—which from their too abundant replenishing, were the old fertile spots in the land,—might be seen old and young struggling together for the nettles, docks, and grass in spring, and in summer they gathered greedily the loathed snails and stored them for the winter's use. Even in the streets of towns, the starving fell down and died. "Through the long continuance of these manifold judg-

¹ Stat. Acc. of Scot., 1796. Monquidder. Kilmuir Easter, vi., 190.

² Stat. Acc. of Scot., Kilsyth, xviii., p. 302.

ments,"¹ says the most pious, credulous, ungrammatical but occasionally accurate historian, Patrick Walker, "deaths and burials were so common that the living wearied of the burying of the dead. I have seen corpses drawn on sleds, many neither having coffins nor winding sheets. I was one of four who carried the corpse of a young woman a mile of way, and when we came to the grave an honest man came and said: 'You must go and help me to bury my son; he is lien dead these two days, otherwise I will be obliged to bury him in my own yard.' We went and there were eight of us had two miles to carry the corpse of this young man, many neighbors looking on, but none to help. I was credibly informed that in the north two sisters on a Monday's morning were found carrying the corpse of their brother with bearing ropes, none offering to help. I have seen some walking about till the sun-setting, and tomorrow about six o'clock in the summer's morning found dead—their head lying on their hands, . . . and mice and rats having eaten a great part of their hands and arms." The poor in the earlier part of the last century were not interred in coffins, but were merely carried in the parish coffin, and in those "dark years" the bottom of the public "kist" was on hinges to allow the bodies to be dropped more expeditiously into the shallow graves. A grim light is cast on those times by quaint contemporary Kirk-Session Records, such as those of Cullen:² "1699, 8th May, George Stevenson, offischer, for making poor folk's graves, 14s. 6d., [i.e. Scots = 2s. stg.]. 10th July, given to the bedall for burying several poor who died of the famine and brought dead to the churchyard, 15s. 7th August: given to the officer for burying some poor objects dyed through scarcity, 6s." Of those who survived the horrors of starvation, many "poor objects" died of diseases which hunger had engendered.

The scenes of continued misery

roused the ever alert superstitious feelings of the people, who of course, discerned in the misty springs, the sunless summers, the disastrous autumns, and pitiless winters, with prolonged intense frosts and deep snows, tokens of divine wrath on a backsliding generation, and with vigilant piety they found special evidence of God's judgment in the miseries which overtook farmers in low-lying fertile districts who had raised the price of provisions and were therefore looked upon as carrion crows who had fattened on the poor. Imaginative memories could recall the prophetic utterances of great covenanting leaders, which were invested with those circumstantial details with which people adorn inspired words remembered after long years. Had not the godly Donald Cargill, as he stood upon the green braes of Upper Bankside in Clydesdale, in May, 1661, not only foretold his own end, but also prophesied to his awe-struck audience: "You shall see cleanness of teeth and many a blue pale face, which shall put thousands to their graves in Scotland with unheard-of natures of fluxes and fevers and otherwise,³ and there shall be great distress in the land and wrath upon this people?" Did not the sainted Master Alexander Peden foretell like troubles when he proclaimed that "so long as the lads are on the hills and in glens and caves [that is, so long as the persecution lasted] you will have bannocks o'er night, but if ever they are beneath the beild of the brae you will have clean teeth and many a black pale face in Scotland;" yea, "you shall not have freedom to walk for dead corpses?"⁴ None dared to doubt the inspiration and authenticity of such portentous prophecies as these.

During the height of the scarcity, the Council allowed foreign grain free into the ports, while prohibition was given to any exportation of grain, which was surely a superfluous order. Officers searched out all stored supplies, and exposed them for sale at fixed prices. Every owner of grain was

¹ Biograph. Presbyter. ii., 24.

² Cramond's Hist. of Cullen, p. 138.

³ Walker's Biog. Presby., ii. 24.

⁴ Wodrow's Analecta, ii. 85.

forced under penalty of forfeiture of his stock to thresh all the grain in his ginnels — not to sell a stone as it was brought along the road. Fierce denunciations were uttered by the Church, and severe punishment was dealt by magistrates on all forestallers, whose conduct was regarded with horror by a generation possessed of erroneous notions of political economy, but with very shrewd notions of human nature. Commands were read from pulpits and proclaimed at market crosses stating the maximum cost at which grain was to be sold, on pain of prosecution as "occurrences" or usurers. The people looked on those men with detestation, and stories were long after told of farmers who had kept grain rotting till it rose to famine price, and had sent to prison starving children for taking kail from their yards, who themselves by divine judgment were reduced to destitution, and forced to beg for meat at the doors of those they once had left to starve. To mitigate the distress the Church appointed days of solemn fast and humiliation because of Sabbath breaking, drunkenness, and the general and particular iniquities which had brought this divine wrath on the land, and with more practical effect they recommended cheerful and liberal "collections for the indigent in each parish."

Fletcher of Saltoun's well-known picture of the destitution of Scotland has usually been regarded as the over-charged description of a splenetic man; but it is usually ignored that at the time he wrote (1698) and for many years after, his description was only too accurate.¹ We may treat his suggestion of making slaves of the beggars as a sardonic whim; but we cannot treat as an exaggeration his account of the people — of "the two hundred thousand beggars 'begging from door to door,' of the wild, demoralized state in which poverty and houselessness had driven families to live, of 'the thousands of our people who are at this day dying for want of food.'"

So disastrous were these "ill years" to the rural population that we read of parishes in Mid-Lothian where three hundred out of nine hundred persons died, of parishes in the North where out of sixteen families on one farm no less than thirteen perished,² and of an estate which gave work to one hundred and nineteen persons, where only three families (including the proprietors) survived, of districts once thickly populated where "not a smoke remained" and of villages which disappeared into ruins. Many parishes were reduced to a half or a third of their inhabitants, and large farms deprived of their workers were turned in after years into sheep walks. The consequences of these "dark years" were far reaching and lasting. Great tracts of country which had been under cultivation were quickly covered with heather, as if they had never been under the plough, and much of this was unreclaimed eighty years after. As tenants had been driven to destitution and landlords to debt, there were no means of replenishing the farms, nor money to rent them, although landlords in despair offered a team of oxen or milk cows to induce men to take the land. In Aberdeenshire many persons who left the land entered into stocking factories, crowds left the country, especially from Ayrshire and Galloway, and settled in Ireland, while beggars swarmed in legions through village and town.³

In this country, whenever seasons were bad and crops blighted, the peasantry were always driven to extremity. Years of dearth came often, and, as in 1709, 1740, 1760, there was famine. Many were the causes of their miserable conditions, which are easy to indicate. But one of the most important was the barbarous mode of agriculture. When we consider the style of farming, the utter ignorance of and prejudice against every rational method of cultivation, we can easily understand how farmers were unable to bear up against

¹ Walker's Biog. Pres. Stat. Acct. Scot. Duthill. Kilmuir Easter.

² Robertson's Gen. View of Agric., p. 50. Coltness Coll. Fullerton's Survey of Ayrshire, p. 82.

³ Second Discourse Affairs of Scotland, p. 106-8.

bad seasons, and even in good seasons could not produce sufficient food for the population. We feel also no surprise that Fletcher of Saltoun should say that these unproductive soils were rack-rented at 2s. 6d. to 1s. an acre.

The land attached to each farm was divided into "infield" and "outfield." That nearest the house was the "croft" or "infield," to which the tenant devoted all his care. Although manure from towns was so little valued that it was flung into the nearest river, whatever manure was used was put on the infield — to improve which the farmer would even unthatch his peat-smoked hut, and make the soil so rank that it was luxuriant in weeds. Here was sown a constant rotation of two years, one year being oats and the next year barley, while in some places, as in Galloway, the croft grew nothing but bere or barley without intermission every third ridge receiving annually all the manure.

Six times larger than the "infield" was the "outfield," which was either put perpetually into oats or for three years successively, when alternate parts of it lay for another three or four years fallow, acquiring a "natural grass" of weeds, moss, nettles, and thistles, on which the cattle fed. Although some land was cultivated till it produced only two seeds for every one sown, the third year was called the "wersh crop," being wretched in quantity and quality.¹

Still, however, people clung to their ancient system, and their faith was embalmed in one of those popular wise saws which preserve so much popular folly : —

If land be three years out and three years in,
"Twill keep in good heart till the deil grow blin'.

As there were neither dykes nor hedges between field and field or farm and farm, when the harvest began and when the cereals were young, the cattle were tethered or herded, and when the harvest was past, the cattle wandered over all the place till the land became

one dirty common. The outfield was thus left utterly unmanured, for the cattle were not confined to the fields after harvest, while before the harvest they were folded at nights to preserve the crops, and the sheep were folded all winter to preserve their lives. The grain grown was of the poorest kind, which had been abandoned everywhere but in Scotland. It was the grey oats, which, at its best, gave increase of only three seeds for one ; and bere, which, although the least nutritious of barley, was believed the only sort that would flourish on the soil. The horses and oxen, fed in winter on straw, boiled chaff, or mashed whius, were so weak and emaciated that when yoked to the plough in spring they fell in the bogs and furrows, and neighbors were summoned to raise them on their legs ; although to fit them thoroughly for their work, they had been previously bled by a skilful hand.² They were yoked to enormous unwieldy ploughs, which, being made of wood (except the coulter and share), could be made in a forenoon for a shilling. This plough was drawn by four meagre oxen and two horses, like shelties, or by eight oxen, two or three abreast. As they dragged it along, a band of men attended to keep them moving. One man held the plough, requiring to be strong enough to bear the shock of collision with "sit-fast" stones ; another (selected for his skill in stimulative whistling) as "gad-man," was armed with a long pole to clear the board ; a third led the team, walking backwards in order to stop them when the plough banged against a frequent boulder ; and yet a fourth advanced in front with a triangular spade to "mend the land" and fill up the hollows. With this huge *cortège* a plough scratched half an acre per day. The harrows, made entirely of wood, were in some districts dragged by the tails of horses, until the barbarous custom was condemned by the Privy Council. These wooden harrows, made at the cost of 7d., were in

¹ Ure's Agric. of Dumbartonshire, p. 47.

² Agric. of Forfarshire, by Dempster, p. 2. Pratt's Buchan, pp. 17, 75. Parish of Carluke, p. 239.

high esteem, from its being thought the iron pins could not possibly produce a good crop. The harness consisted of collars and saddles of straw, and ropes either made of hair cut from horses' tails or made of rushes from which the pith was stripped.¹

Perhaps the most serious obstacle to agriculture was the almost universal system of "run-rig," a relic of the mediæval system nearly obsolete in England. Each field was divided into separate "rigs," which were farmed by different tenants. One small field might be divided into an occupancy of from four to eight persons each, and a farm with a combined rental of £50 might have eighteen tenants, amongst whom the land might be divided by lot each year or put up to auction. The farmers had their houses clustered together, so that each township resembled a little village. The ridges, each having a different tenant, were often about forty feet wide, very crooked, and very high.² Only the crown of the ridge, which was full of stones, was ploughed, and half the width was taken up with "baulks," or open spaces, filled with briars, nettles, stones, and water. The quarrels and misunderstandings which arose between the tenants, were incessant and violent. As no operation could commence without mutual help with horses and men, they required to be agreed as to the day and hour of beginning work, the times and mode of ploughing, sowing, and reaping. But as each had his own obstinate opinion on each of these matters, the bickering might cause the delay of weeks before all consented to work together, and, if possible, to spite each other. So jealous were they, that each man made his own rig as high as possible, so that none of the soil should be carried by rain to his neighbor's ground, and consequently the furrows were left quite bare, and the soil accumulated on the top was never

stirred deeper than the shallow plough-share could scrape.³ How could any waste land be reclaimed under this system? If one man dared to cultivate any neglected bit of ground, the others at once denounced him for infringing their right of grazing on the outfields. Having no lease he had no motive to improve the soil, for next year his land might pass to other hands. He could not store hay for his cattle, for the instant the harvest was over the whole land became open pasturage for the whole township.⁴ Yet in spite of its absurdity, so devoted were the people to the run-rig, or "stuck-run-way" plan, that if twenty fields were offered to twenty farmers, they would prefer a twentieth share in each of twenty fields rather than have a field each to themselves.

Let us look at the customs regarding times and seasons for farming operations, and see how every practice conspired to damage agriculture. It was not permissible to begin ploughing operations till spring, as the undrained soil was too wet to allow it earlier. No farmer would yoke a plough till Candlemas, and many would not begin till the 10th of March — having a profound reverence for days and seasons in agriculture, though a perfect horror of them in religion.⁵ In consequence the wretched oats were not sown till March or April up to the close of the century, and it was often May before the "bigg" or four-rowed barley was put into the ground. In days when the soil and the minds of the farmers were equally barren and uncultivated, everything was ruled by ancient customs. Greatly they believed the tradition of the elders, which pronounced that "it is not too late to sow when the leaves of the ash cover the pyot's (magpie's) nest" — which was in the month of June.⁶ Some protested that

³ Stat. Acct. Scot. Kilwinning. Survey of Ross-shire, p. 207.

⁴ Pennant's Tour, ii. 201. Robertson's Southern Districts of Perthshire, pp. 118, 305.

⁵ Walker's Hebrides and Highlands, i. 200. Marshall's Agri. Central Highlands, p. 46. Ure's Rutherglen, p. 180.

⁶ Marshall's Agri. of Central Highlands, p. 40.

¹ Anderson's Survey of Agric., p. 25. Hist. Galloway, ii., chap. v. S. S. A. Gigha.

² History of Dumbartonshire, p. 15. Fullarton's Survey of Ayrshire, p. 41. Robertson's Survey of South Districts of Perth, p. 118.

if it were sown earlier, it would be smothered by the marigolds, wild mustard, and thistles; and all believed that seed sown before February would be killed by frost. Indeed none was sown till the first of April. Consequently the grain—and the worst grain was reserved for seed—did not mature till the autumn gales set in.¹ It is not surprising that often the ground produced only one and a half to two bolls to the acre of outfield, which did not repay the labor. Even in 1750, in Ayrshire, when the infield had risen to 4s., or even 10s. an acre, the outfield let at 1s. 6d.

With a system so atrocious, which left the ground dirty, undrained, and starved, it frequently happened that the yield could not supply the inhabitants of the district, and men renting from forty to one hundred acres needed to buy meal for their families in summer.² As little else was grown except oats, the people were in despair when meal failed them, which occurred whenever bad seasons came. In such straits they bled the half-starved cattle to mix the blood with a little meal, and this barbarous practice, which began in dire necessity, was retained by many from taste and choice.

It was the inveterate sluggishness of the farmers which was to blame for the sterility of the land, as well as their prejudice against every innovation and improvement; while their pious fatalism conveniently confirmed and consecrated their laziness. They believed that disease was due to the hand of God, instead of want of use of their own hands. They held that every season of famine was due to Providence rather than to their own improvidence. They held that weeds were a consequence of Adam's fall, and that to remove docks, wild mustard, and nettles was to undo God's curse. They threshed the corn with the flail, and winnowed it by throwing it up in the air rather than use the new-fangled fanners Meikle had set up in 1720,

because these were making "devil's wind," and contravened Scripture, which said "the wind bloweth where it listeth." Religious ordinances also ministered to idleness. When "sacramental seasons" occurred, and set in with their usual severity, the people would attend six communions in succession in surrounding parishes. They trudged over moor and hill, till a place with a population of four hundred was swelled with a crowd of two thousand, who slept at night in stables and barns, or in the open air, from Thursday till Tuesday while attending the "preachings." Farmers were obliged to kill sheep for the ministers; to supply oats for porridge and sowens to the worthy communicants; and to get straw to make beds for the strangers and feed their horses—no light task when grain was barely enough for their own families and straw was too scanty for their own cattle. Often the Kirk Session met in prayer and perplexity as to how to supply this multitude when they had too little for themselves. These protracted holy days and "holy fairs" induced men to desert their fields at the most critical periods of the year, leaving them to run risk from ill chances of weather. All these prolonged pious exercises, it is obvious, could not conduce to agricultural progress.

The rent of the land appears very small, being only 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. an acre, and rarely reaching 3s., even in Ayrshire. But though small it was exacted in ingeniously vexatious ways, for it was paid chiefly in kind, as money was extremely scarce in Scotland amongst every rank. An estate of £300 yearly rental would have only £40 paid in silver, the rest being paid in so many bolls of meal, so many sheep, or hens, or eggs; or it might be given in so many days' shearing for the laird, so much butter and cheese. In Caithness³ it was partly paid in straw "cazzies," or baskets for carrying food, hair ropes for drawing ploughs, and heather tithers for thatching. The re-

¹ Russell's *Haigs of Bomersaye*, etc., p. 484, Ure's *Dumbartonshire*.

² Fullarton's *Survey of Ayrshire*, p. 8.

³ *Stat. Acc. Scot.* Bower, vii. 526.

sult was that money was scarce with the lairds, while food was superabundant. This led to prodigality, waste, and debt. They required huge granaries to hold rents "in kind," and ministers had large girdles to contain their stipends. It is evident that the massive hospitality rife amongst landed gentry of olden time was greatly owing to these exuberant supplies of grain, of mutton, of poultry, and fish. It was quite a relief to dispense them to the guests who filled their houses and emptied their larders. Stewart of Appin¹ was said to have received in rent an ox for every week, a goat or sheep for every day of the year, while he had fowls, cheeses, and eggs past all reckoning. Whatever the season might be, these "kain" eggs and fowls must be sent to the "big house," and every egg was measured by the lady who gauged them with different sized rings — those that passed the first being reckoned twelve to the dozen; but it required fifteen of the second size, and eighteen of the third, to be equal to a dozen.² The poor tenant was compelled, therefore, to keep a huge stock of midden fowls which ate up his scanty crops and grain. Even worse to endure were the demands on the time and labor of the tenants which were exacted as customs. They remind us of the oppressions borne by the peasantry of France under the *ancien régime*, which stirred the fury of the people against the *noblesse*. Indeed, the exactions and *corvées* under stay-at-home lairds were hardly less harassing than those under absentee nobles. One of the worst hardships was connected with multures. Almost all the land was "thirled" or "astricted" to particular mills. Every particle of grain must be taken to these mills, except the seed corn;³ and for his due the miller exacted every eleventh peck, and in some places (Dumfriesshire and Ross-shire) every eighth peck, whether it was ground

or not, while the servants took as "knaveship" a forpitt (one-quarter of a peck) out of every boll. If the air was too calm for the windmill, too frosty or too wet, the grain was kept so long in the mill that it was destroyed by the vermin. Farmers were obliged to carry their grain on horseback over almost impassable roads to a mill several miles off, though there might be one a stone-throw from his door. Some of the old "astricted" mills were placed on streams which constantly dried up in summer, and if the farmer could not wait till rain came to turn the wheel and sent his grain to another mill which was working, he paid two multures — one to the mill which ground his corn, and another to the "thirled" mill that could not grind it.⁴ And yet if the poor man ventured, in despair, to sell his oats unground, he was prosecuted for depriving the miller of his due. Worse to bear was the insolence and negligence of these men, of whom popular suspicion was inveterate.⁵ Had they not side sleeves to secrete furtive extracts of meal? Had they not small pokes hung to receive surreptitious snatches of grain from their compulsory customers? Had they not unstamped measures to receive the dues which were of dubious veracity?⁶ The miller could demand by solemn oath an account of every pea or barley corn given to the horse or dropped to the hens. It might be thought that a system so iniquitous as this could not long survive, and yet it lasted till the end of the century. In some districts the terms become leniently interpreted, but generally farmers were required still to bring all grindable corn and even the wheat which the mills were unable to grind.⁷ An authority,⁸ writing in 1795, declares that "what with want of water at one time, and want

¹ Ure's Dumbartonshire, p. 102; Agric. of Ross-shire, p. 121.

² Parish of Shotts, p. 221.

³ Robertson's Survey of Aberdeenshire, p. 48; Stat. Acc. Scot., Barrie, iv., 245.

⁴ Johnstone's Dumfriesshire, App. 43; Webster's Agric. of Galloway, p. 37.

⁵ Robertson's Agric. in Aberdeenshire, p. 48.

¹ Stewart's Sketches of Highlands, i. 46.

² Wight's Present State of Husbandry, p. 53.

³ Agric. of Ross-shire, p. 123; B. Johnstone's Agric. of Dumfries, pp. 88-106.

of wind at another, I have known instances of these persons being forced to travel to a distance of three miles to a mill three or four times over, and to be employed nearly a whole week for grinding half-a-dozen bolls of meal. In short, there is not in this island such a complete remain of feudal despotism as in the practice respecting mills in Aberdeenshire. I have seen poor farmers, by vexation and despair reduced to tears to supplicate from the miller what they ought to have demanded from him." For the miller they were further bound to drive material for repairing the mill; to thatch it; to carry the mill-stones; and to clean the mill-lead half a mile long which the miller's own cattle had broken down.

Not less oppressive proved the services which the farmers were bound to render directly to their landlord. They had to till, manure, sow, and reap his infield, to provide peat for his fires, to thatch part of his houses, and to supply "summons" or straw and heather ropes for fastening the roofs and the stacks. Thus burdened, the farmer expected no profits from his husbandry, but just enough to exist upon. All his produce went according to the plaintive saying into three parts: "Ane to saw, ane to gnaw, and ane to pay the laird witha'." ¹

What delayed progress still further was the difficulty of communication and of conveyance. The produce was carried in sacks on horseback, or on sledges, or (late in century) on tumbrils, which were sledges on "tumbling" wheels of solid wood, with wooden axle-trees—all revolving together. These machines were often so small that in a narrow passage the carter could lift them bodily, for they held little more than a wheelbarrow. ² They had wheels a foot and a half in diameter, made of three pieces of wood pinned together like a butter firkin, and which quickly wore out, and became utterly shapeless, so that a load of six hundredweight was enormous for

the dwarfish animals to drag. Yet even such vehicles were triumphs of civilization when they came into use when the century was young. Carts are a later invention still, and when one in 1723 first carried its tiny load of coals from East Kilbride to Cambuslang, "crowds of people," it is recorded, "went to see the wonderful machine; they looked with surprise and returned with astonishment." ³ In many parts of the Lowlands they were not in ordinary use even till 1760, while in the northern districts sledges, or creels on the backs of women, were chiefly employed to the end of the century. The wretched condition of the roads was the chief cause of the reluctant adoption of carts. ⁴ In the dryest weather they were unfit for carriages, and in wet weather almost impassable, even for horses—deep in ruts of mire, covered with stones, winding up heights and down hills to avoid swamps and bogs. It was this precarious state of the roads which obliged judges to "ride" on circuit, and a practice began as a physical necessity was retained as a dignified habit, so that in 1744 Lord Dun resigned his judgeship because he was no longer able to "ride on circuit." ⁵ It was really useless to introduce carts till the roads were fit for them, and even when first used the drivers had to carry spades to fill the ruts to allow the vehicles to advance. When Lord Cathcart, so late as 1753, offered carts in Ayrshire to his tenants, it was because the roads were execrable that few accepted them as a gift. It is true that by law, from 1719, able-bodied men in every district were enjoined to give six days labor for improving the main roads—hence called "Statute Labor Roads,"—but this act was quietly ignored, and one day's grudging help was the utmost given. This occasion was called "Parish Road Day," when all the inhabitants turned out for their not too exhaustive labors. ⁶

¹ Stat. Acc. Scot., Bendochy.

² Burt's Letters, 1-13; Tour thro' Britain (begun by Defoe), 413.

³ Ure's Rutherglen and East Kilbride, p. 197.

⁴ Agric. of Forfarshire, p. 26.

⁵ Ramsay's Scotland and Scotsmen, I. 86.

⁶ Campbell's Balmerino.

The efforts of General Wade begun in 1726, only affected two hundred and fifty miles in the main Highland routes, but they enabled Captain Burt to rejoice in 1739 that he travelled roads "smooth as Constitution Hill," which a few years before were dangerous from stones and deep ruts in dry weather, and became bogs and brawling water courses when rain fell. Far from feeling grateful the Highlanders only grumbled at the change, complaining that the gravel wore away the unshod horse's hoofs, which had gone so lightly over the heather, while there was not a forge to make or mend a shoe within fifty miles. But these improvements affected little the country as a whole. Even in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, about 1750, farmers conveyed on horseback their trusses of hay and straw to town, and returned with their bags full of coals. In remote and rugged districts, farmers conveyed their few bolls of oats or bere to market at the rate of one boll a day; and in the Lowlands, it was a hard day's work for a horse to carry from a pit four miles off a load of two hundred-weight of coal in sacks.¹ Nothing was more efficacious in civilizing the country than the "Turnpike Road Act" of 1751. The result of it was that before many years passed by the public roads were smooth and easy, produce was brought to market at a tenth of the former cost, and in a tenth of the former time, while a complete revolution was commenced in rural life, and over the whole economical and social condition of the country.

Every improvement was slow amongst an impecunious gentry and a lethargic people. Few things had for generations struck English travellers with more surprise than the open, unenclosed, hedgeless landscape, with its immense expanses of bleak, waste land. There were in fact no enclosures, except round lairds' gardens, in the early part of the century, and whole farms were left exposed, over which man and beast could wander at

their will. It can well be imagined how dreary, dismal, and monotonous the scenery was — without wall or hedge, without a tree, and hardly a bush to diversify the view as far as the eye could reach, gazing over the bleak moors and marshes. The early attempts of enterprising landlords about 1715 to enclose the land, encountered determined opposition, for the people were angry at their right of pasturing their cattle in other men's ground being grossly infringed; the farmers were suspicious of their rents being raised; and the laborers were stirred at the prospect of their occupation as herds being gone. Meanwhile alarmists declared that hedges would harbor birds which would utterly devour the grain, and that "they would prevent the circulation of the air necessary to winnow the grain for harvest."² Selfish motives and fantastic theories of all sorts raised opposition to the building of a dyke or the planting of a hedge.³ The rebellion of 1715 had left the people, especially in the south, unsettled and unruly, and that spirit showed itself against the landlords when they began to divide the land. In 1725 great bands of people attacked the hated enclosures in Kirkeudbrightshire and Wigtonshire. Armed with pitchforks and stakes, they set forth at night to spoil hedges and upturn walls, and when the leaders cried "ower wi' it," down went dykes amidst exulting shouts. The military were called out and the clergy were called in. The General Assembly ordered warnings to be given in every pulpit against the levelling tendencies of the time. Many were imprisoned, many were transported, but further improvement was delayed by this revolt for a whole generation.

While in England during the hardest winter the cattle survived unscathed, in Scotland they perished in thousands every winter, and in severe seasons

² Stat. Acco. Scot., Rhynd, iv. 181; Stat. Acco. Scot. Kilspindie, iv. 286; Morrer's Short Acct., p. 9.

³ Hist. of Galloway, ii., chap. vii.; Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway, p. 54; Wodrow's *Analecta*, iii.

¹ Hopburn's *Agric. of East Lothian*, p. 50.

one-half or one-third died. The reason of this extraordinary difference is that across the Border artificial grasses and turnips were sown which supplied provender, while in Scotland there was little food except straw and mashed whins. In 1708 Lord Haddington had introduced rye grass and red clover, but these made little way till the middle of the century, being despised as "English weeds" which no beast could eat. Potatoes, which had been cultivated in a few gardens when the century began, were not planted in fields before 1740, when they were planted broadcast. Extremely suspicious were the people of these articles of food, so that in 1740 two sacks on a market day supplied the demands of Paisley. Antipathy against them was perhaps keenest in the Highlands, and when Chief Clanranald took to South Uist a little quantity of potatoes to help a population literally starving, the crofters would not plant one till their obstinacy was chastened by imprisonment;¹ and, when autumn came, they brought the obnoxious tubers to the chieftain's door, protesting that the chief could force them to plant the vegetables, but he could not force them to eat them. It required a year of famine like 1740 to overcome this prejudice, and within twenty years, instead of depending on scanty stores of oatmeal, the people in the Hebrides lived for nine months in the year on potatoes and salt. Great excitement arose in 1747 near Melrose at the report of a new vegetable about to be sown.² One morning Dr. John Ruth-erford came to his field with mysterious bags, and the inhabitants watched the "doctor's man" casting the seed in the wake of the plough, while another man behind dragged a whin bush after him. When the seeds sprang up, the inquisitive people pulled up the strange weeds to examine them, in spite of threats by tuck of drum of "caltrops" and iron traps. When the

bullocks were fed on the turnips the people accustomed to their wretched ill-thriven brutes looked on them as monsters and would not buy them. Though they had been introduced into England in 1716, turnips were nowhere cultivated in Scotland before 1739, and then being sown in little patches, broadcast and never hoed, they came to nothing. So late as 1780 farmers in Dumbartonshire would not sow them although stimulated by bribes. Topham found turnips in Edinburgh used as part of dessert at the principal houses, and in "Humphrey Clinker" while the English calumny is denied that the Scotch had no fruit except turnips, it is admitted that they were used as "whets" at dinner parties.³ Meanwhile the grey oats and bere still held the field; very little wheat was grown, and that was far too scarce and dear for popular consumption. Indeed the very word was a metaphor for whatever was delectable and unattainable, as we notice where Mr. Thomas Boston plaintively speaks in his memoirs of "the wheat-bread days of youth."

If progress in cereals was slow, progress in cattle-breeding was still slower. The dwarfish black oxen which feebly drew the ploughs cost about 30s. and were of little use except for agriculture, seeing that in spite of beef being sold at 2d. a pound, the common people never ate it. The little black Highland cattle were brought to Trysts at Falkirk and Crieff, and sold to English dealers from £1 10s. to £3 a head. Sheep were considered unable to stand the exposure to winter's blasts and snow, and were therefore housed all winter and spring to preserve them alive. Only by accident was this delusion dissipated. A laird in Perthshire, reduced to be an innkeeper, let his sheep run wild because he was too poor to shelter them, and every one was amazed that in spite of all hardships they were in perfect condition in spring.⁴ From that day the practice of stocking the ground spread, and in time

¹ Walker's Econ. Hist. of Hebrides and Highlands, i. 188.

² D. Ure's Agric. of Roxburghshire; Johnstone's Agric. of Selkirkshire, p. 35.

³ Topham's Letters from Edinburgh, p. 229.

⁴ Ramsay's Scotland and Scotsmen, ii. 551.

revolutionized hill farming. By 1750 sheep-breeding was becoming a great business, and vast waste tracts were being turned into sheep walks, and in consequence the land rose to ten times its former value. Before then, and indeed long after, the breed was a wretched diminutive creature, with fleece like goat's hair, so meagre that while it takes now six fleeces to make a stone then it took twenty-seven.¹ From the month of May the lambs were stunted and starved, separated from the mothers that the milk might be used in the house, and their little jaws gnawed by sticks fixed in their mouths to keep them from sucking and thereby almost hindered from pasturing.

Let us turn from the land to the people. Their laziness and their lethargy, had passed into proverbs. What struck Ray, the naturalist, in 1660, as he observed the sluggish ploughmen put on their cloaks when they began to plough, because they never worked hard enough to get warm — also struck Pennant in 1772. Scottish ministers deplored and English travellers ridiculed the poverty-stricken aspect — the pinched faces, wrinkled features, tattered garments, and foul skin and habits of men and women. Smollett mildly puts in "Humphrey Clinker" his observations on his countrymen: "The boors of Northumberland are lusty fellows, fresh complexioned, cleanly, well-clothed; but the laborers in Scotland are generally lean, soiled, and shabby." When Dr. Johnson had defined oats as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people," Lord Elibank triumphantly retorted: "But where will you find such horses and such men?" We may admire the patriotism, but we must regret the loyal mendacity of his lordship, for he must have known how dirty, slow, and slovenly his rural countrymen were. The food of the people was poor, for they had nothing to cook except oat and barley meal, and kail-greens from their yard, for no

other vegetables were known; and beef or mutton they seldom saw, and pig's flesh they would not eat if they had it. Their drink was fermented whey, kept for a year in barrels, or ale made from oats and heather. Milk they rarely had, for the meagre cows provided only two or three pints a day, and that was kept sour from being kept in foul dishes. So averse were the people to cleanliness that the butter owed its consistency to the number of cow hairs in it, and was churned in kirms which were kept filthy because it was "uncanny" to wash them. The men clad in their ragged, home-woven plaiding coat, with shirts changed twice a year — at Martinmas and Whitsunday — and feet without shoes, save on Sabbath and in winter snow, were miserably dirty, and their skin hard and withered from exposure outside and peat reek indoors, and subject to the obnoxious diseases that dirt alone engenders.² One ailment to which they were liable was, however, not due to themselves, but to the undrained land, which retained wet like a sponge, and was full of swampy bogs. It is not surprising that ague was terribly prevalent and harassing amongst the rural classes. A great proportion of the people were so prostrated every year by it that it was difficult to get the necessary labor done.³ In districts like the Carse of Gowrie there were morasses and pools, amongst whose rushes the lapwings had their haunts, and there the whole population was annually stricken more or less with the malady, till drainage dried the soil and ague vanished from the country.

If the condition of the Lowlands was deplorable, it was even worse in the northern provinces — where the people, as Pennant said, "were torpid with idleness, and, amidst their wretchedness, only bestirred by famine." Crofters got their patch of land from tacksmen of the chief or laird, but

¹ Stat. Acco. Scot., Fortingall, Craig. Robertson's Survey. Pennant's Tour.

² Stat. Acco. Scot., 1793; Ayton, ii. 81; Crammond, i. 225; Kirkden, ii. 508. Agric. in Carse of Gowrie, p. 11.

³ Agric. Survey of Argyllshire, p. 240; Argyll's Scotland as it was, i. 204.

were without tools, or cultivable soil or energy. There was not sufficient labor to employ the families that swarmed in islands and glens, and great numbers wandered about as beggars, or sorned on their friends, and idled out the winter scorching their feet at the peat fires. In the Western Islands destitution was chronic. Writing so late as 1776, Pennant describes the poor "that prowled like animals along the shore to pick up limpets or other shell-fish. Hundreds only drag through the season a wretched life, and numbers unknown in all parts of the Western Islands fall beneath the pressure—some of hunger, some of putrid fever, the epidemic of the coast, originating in unwholesome food." The dismal tale of Pennant is only a repetition of that of Martin in his "Description of the Western Isles," about 1700, where he tells how, in years of scarcity, many die of famine or are forced to emigrate. We find, alas, little basis for the sweetly idyllic pictures of crofter peace, prosperity, and industry in glens and islands, which are sometimes presented for our admiration and remorse. Thriftless and dirty, the domestic surroundings were grimly harmonious with the disposition of the peasantry. The one-roomed hovels were built of stone and turf, without mortar, with the holes stuffed with moss or straw to keep out the blasts; the fire, in the middle of the room, in despair of exit by the smoke-clotted hole in the roof, filled the room with malodorous clouds, and the cattle at night were tethered at one end of the room while the family lay at the other on heather on the floor.¹ The light came from an opening at either gable, which, whenever the wind blew through the unglazed window, was filled with brackens to keep out the sleet. The roofs were so low that the inmates could not stand upright, but sat on the stones or three-legged stools that served for chairs. When night set in, the peat fire was all the light, for the "ruffles" or split roots of firs

which served as candles were lit only for set purposes. Foul, dark, and fetid as the hovels were, the people liked them for their warmth. Nor were the houses of the tenantry much better than the huts of the laborers. Even in Ayrshire in 1750 they were hovels, with open hearths in the middle, with walls seven feet high and three feet thick, built of stones and mud. Only the better class had two rooms, and in these the ceilings had rafters black with peat reek, while the house got meagre light by two miserable windows, having two panes of bottle glass.

It is a remarkable illustration of the total stagnation of trade and enterprise that the rent of land, the price of grain and articles of food and clothing, and the wages of men, remained little altered during the hundred years between 1640 and 1740. The wages of farm-servants varied of course, considerably throughout the country, but taking Ayrshire in 1730 as a sample, farm-servants living with the farmer had £1 and a few "bounties" a year, and female servants 13s. 4d., with an apron and pair of shoes. The highest wages seem to have amounted to £2 10s. for men and £1 10s. for women, and for married workmen the earnings might be equal to £7, only reaching £15 at the end of the century.

Nothing was more characteristic of Scotland than its bleak, dreary, treeless landscape. We are apt to treat the jeers of English travellers on this point as cockney libels, and to regard the jests of Dr. Johnson as ponderous pleasantry, as when he said "a tree in Scotland is as rare as a horse in Venice." Unfortunately in the first half of the eighteenth century they were painfully near the truth, and were accurate to the end of the century, of the east coast by which the doctor travelled. The old woods had disappeared, and, indeed, as we read the accounts of travellers from Sir Anthony Weldon (who protests that "Judas could not have got a tree to hang himself"), to Brereton and Kirk of the seventeenth century, we become

¹ Stat. Acc. Scot., Tongland; Hist. of Galloway, ii., chap. 6; Morrer, p. 19.

almost sceptical of their having ever existed. At any rate they were wasted by raids, or burnt for fuel, or destroyed by farmers as nuisances. Only around farm steadings and lairds' houses little clumps of sycamore or ash were to be found, and even these were planted shortly after the Union.¹ The ground was ploughed up to the very door of the mansions, while trees which are now the hardiest, were nursed like rare shrubs in gardens. In Ayrshire the country seemed a huge, naked, waste, and not a tree was to be seen in the open land, save by the banks of the Doon, the Girvan, and Stinchar, where little knots of oaks and birch took shelter. Those first planted, from 1730 to 1740, by Countess of Eglinton and Lord Loudon — oak, ash, elm — were but isolated patches when Dr. Johnson made his memorable visit to Auchinleck. In East Lothian there is not a tree older than the Revolution. It was in the early days of the century that Lord Hadington began his work of planting at Tynningham in spite of confident assurances that no tree could grow by the seaside on the sand and exposed to ceaseless salt winds. In a short while sprang up fine forests, and on the moorland rose the lovely Binning Woods, while fields once wasted by the blast became fertile when protected by the belts of trees. Throughout Roxburghshire there was the same bleakness and bareness, until round Fleurs Castle forest trees were planted, and then the anxiety was lest any of the twigs should be broken in the precious nursery woods, and solemn proclamation of Bailies of Regality² in 1717 warned offenders who plucked "the haws from the thorns that defend the young plantations." Of the once richly wooded Tweeddale, Pennycuik testifies³ in 1715, that only around mansions and churchyards a row of planes or ash could be found, and these were still young. In Lanarkshire there is clearly a note of despair in a resolu-

tion of the heritors of Lesmahagow⁴ in 1705 "to apply to her grace, the Duchess of Hamilton, for one oak-tree to support the bell, because they can get one nowhere else in the county." In vain might the traveller look through Argyllshire, because all the old forests had been sold to English companies who set up their iron forges near Inveraray, and the county was despoiled of its woodland beauty. In Perthshire it was the same case: the landlords destitute of money had sold their forests to speculators, and down went the ancient woods, sold at one plack (one-third of a penny) each. Sir Walter Scott erroneously represents Osbaldistone in "Rob Roy" as impressed with the mountain scenery, which at that day no one admired, and as charmed with the woodland scenery in the Highland border which did not then exist. Even when Pennant, about 1770, passed through the Highlands there was waste moorland and deep morasses with a few solitary elders, birches, and hazels in the barren land. The finely wooded districts of Taymouth, Scone, and Lynedoch were utterly treeless till they were planted about 1750 or 1760. It is true that in 1723, the Society of Improvers was started in Edinburgh, including several noblemen whose residence in England had opened their eyes to the nakedness of the land, but the progress was slow and the results were few. Hope of Rankeillour, in order to give a sample of what might be done, leased a miserable marsh in the suburb of Edinburgh, drained it, and "raised beautiful hedges and trees where (in 1743) ladies and gentlemen resort" — this place being now known as the "Meadows."⁵ The most common trees had at first been introduced as exotics.⁶ When the lime was first planted (at Taymouth) in 1664, the silver fir in 1682, the maple and walnut in 1690, the laburnum in 1704, and the larch in 1727 — they were grown only

⁴ Hist. of Lesmahagow, p. 140.

⁵ Arnot's Hist. of Edin.

⁶ Walker's Economic Hist. of Hebrides and Highlands, ii. 212.

¹ Defoe's Tour, iii. 15.

² Jeffrey's Roxburghshire, iii. 19.

³ Works, 1818, p. 57.

in gardens, being considered far too delicate to live in the open land. The plane and elder were the only "barren" trees planted in Scotland at the middle of the previous century, beeches and chestnuts being found only in sheltered gardens.¹ In 1727, a gentleman brought in his portmanteau a few plants of larch from England, and gave three or four to the Duke of Athole. These were kept in delicate training, but at last being planted out as too big, it was found to vast surprise that they grew and lived, and indeed still stand as ornaments at Dunkeld. All along the seacoast and for miles backwards Buchan and Aberdeenshire² till the close of the century were quite destitute of trees; and the condition of these districts, had been the condition of most of Scotland. Can we not trace to the woodless aspect of the country the rarity of references to trees and birds in Scottish minstrelsy? We find songs that celebrate the birches by the river's side—the "Birks of Tullibole," the "Birks of Aberfeldy," the "Birks of Invermay,"—but there were few other trees to incite a poet. If Tannahill had lived thirty years earlier it would have been impossible for him to immortalize "Loudon's bonnie woods," for they were but young when he sung their praises. It is significant that the treelessness of Perthshire should have evoked Burns's lines to the Duke of Athole—"A Humble Petition of Bruar Water,"

Would that my noble master please

To grant my highest wishes,

He'll shade my banks with towering trees,

And bonny spreading bushes.

If there is a lack of allusion to birds in Scottish poetry, we may explain it by an observation of Captain Burt's in 1730:³ "It has been remarked that here [Inverness] there are few birds except such as build their nests upon the ground, so scarce are trees and hedges." The laverock's song and the

curlew's shriek were familiar enough, but not the notes of the mavis and the blackbird; and the linnet would have sought as vainly as Noah's dove, for branch whereon to alight in a day's journey. It was the sight of crows being obliged to make their nests on the ground near his house that moved one Aberdeenshire land-owner to rear woods on his estate.

The sudden awakening of the landlords to a sense of usefulness, if not to a feeling of the picturesqueness, and the new enthusiasm for planting, which filled their minds and occupied their time, belong chiefly to the second part of the century; for up till 1750 the efforts were hesitating, partial, and uncertain, because farmers looked on with disgust and suspicion.⁴ Hedges and trees they regarded as their natural enemies, protesting that the roots took up the ground, the droppings and shade killed the grain, and the branches fostered birds that devoured the corn. After the Rebellion we find at last a remarkable change coming over the land—over its whole social, economical, and physical aspects. It was being discovered how advantageous woods were—not merely to beautify the landscape, but to shelter the land from blasts and storms and drifting snows, to drain the soil of its bogs and swamps, to remove that persistent malady of ague from the people, and to modify and improve the rough climate of the once unprotected land. Lord Findlater plants in Nairnshire his millions of trees in a wilderness. Grant of Mouynusk plants his fifty millions chiefly of spruce fir. Fifty years after the four tiny larch plants were given out of Menzies' portmanteau to the Duke of Atholl in 1727, Duke John, "the planting duke," with a keen eye for business as well as for beauty (knowing the worth of that wood for ship building), covers with twenty-seven millions of plants about sixteen thousand acres. Young lords and old law lords, lairds great and small, took to planting and pruning as

¹ Hunter's Woods of Perthshire. Scots Gard'ner by John Reid, 1683.

² Anderson's Agric. in Aberdeenshire, p. 30.

³ Letters of Scotland, I., p. 7.

⁴ Burt's Letters from the North, I. 242.

formerly they had taken to hunting and drinking as the engrossing occupation of their lives. So Lords of Session, like Kames and Dunsinane, when the courts were up, would go out the moment they reached their country seat with a lantern in the dark, impatient to see how the saplings had grown in their absence. By five o'clock in the morning worthy Lord Auchinleck was out with his pruning-knife amongst his beloved plantation. Every laird worth a £100 rental planted his thousands. On Saturday they planted, and on Sunday, during sermon, they planned the planting for the Monday. When a minister rebuked his laird for running after Whitfield, he got the answer: "Sir, when I hear you preach I am planting trees all the time, but during the whole of Mr. Whitfield's sermon I have not time to plant one."¹ All lairds shared the opinion, combining foresight and economy, which fell from the dying lips of the father of the Laird of Dumbiedykes: "Jock, when ye ha'e naething else to dae, ye may be aye sticking in a tree. It will grow, Jock, when ye are sleeping."

The condition of rural Scotland in the first half of the century was miserable in the extreme, as we have found, but the state of the country through the next fifty years presents a startling change. It shows the awakening of the Scottish people to new ways, new ideas, and new energies in agriculture, in commerce, and in trade. Their history in the future years of the century is virtually that of the resurrection of social life.

H. GREY GRAHAM.

¹ Tyerman's Whitfield, ii. 525.

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IN THE TRACK OF THE WANDERING JEW.

What hope is ours — what hope! To find no mercy
After much war, and many travails done?

"WELL, somebody must go; that is certain."

And more than one man looked at me. It was not because I could pos-

sibly be that somebody, although I was young enough and of little enough consequence. But Fortune had been busy with me. She had knocked all the interest out of my life, and then she had proceeded to shower her fickle favors upon me. I was by way of becoming a success in that line of life wherein I had been cast. I had been mentioned in despatches, and somehow the bullets had passed by on the other side. Her Gracious Majesty had written to me twice as her dearly beloved Thomas, and I was well up in my profession.

In those days things were differently done in India. There was less telegraphing here and there for instructions. There was more action and less talk. The native gentleman did not sit on a jury then.

"Yes," said young Martello, "somebody must go. Question is — who?"

And they all looked at me again.

"There be those in high places," I said, "who shall decide."

They laughed and made no answer. They were pleased to think that I should have to decide which doctor should go to Capoo, where a sickness unknown and incomprehensible had broken out. It was true that I was senior surgeon of the division; indeed, I was surgeon-major of a tract of country as big as Scotland. It is India now, but in the days of which I write the question had not been settled with a turbulent native prince. We were, in fact, settling that question.

Capoo was right in the heart of the new country, while we were in occupation of a border town. Behind us lay India; in front, the Unknown. The garrison of Capoo was small and self-important, but sickness made itself conspicuous among its members. Their doctor — poor young Barber — died, and the self-importance of the Capoo garrison oozed out of their finger-ends. They sent down post-haste to us for help, and a special letter addressed to me detailed symptoms of no human malady.

I had two men under me. The question seemed simple enough. One of them would have to go. As to

which one there was really no doubt whatever. The duty fell upon Thurkow. Thurkow was junior. This might prove to be Thurkow's opportunity, or—the other thing.

We all knew that he would be willing enough to go; nay, he would be eager. But Thurkow's father was in command, which made all the difference.

While we were thinking over these things an orderly appeared at the mess-room door.

"Brigadier would like to see you, sir," he said to me. And I had to throw away the better half of a first-class manilla.

The brigadier's quarters were across a square in the centre of a long, rambling palace, for which a handsome rent was duly paid. We were not making war. On the contrary, we were forcing peace down the throat of the native prince on the point of a sword.

Everything was upon a friendly footing. We were not an invading force. Oh, no! we were only the escort of a political officer. We had been quartered in this border town for more than a year, and the senior officers' lady-wives had brought their *lares* and *penates* in three bullock-carts apiece.

I suppose we were objects of envy. We had all the excitement of novelty without any of the penalties of active warfare. We were strong enough to make an awful example of the whole principality at a day's notice, and the principality knew it, which kept bazaar prices down and made the colored brother remember the hue of his cheek.

In the palace there were half-a-dozen officers' quarters, and these had been apportioned to the married; consequently the palace had that air of homeliness which is supposed to be lacking in the quarters of single men.

As I was crossing the square I heard some one running after me, and turning I faced Fitz. Fitz Marner—usually called Fitz—was my second in command and two years my junior. He was quite a different sort of man

from myself, and, if I may say so, a much better man. However, I am not going to talk about myself more than I can help this time. Some day I shall, and then I shall have a portrait on the cover. This is an age of portraits. But some day the British public will wake up and will refuse to read the works of a smug-faced man in spectacles who tries to make them believe that he is doughty, fearless, and beloved of beautiful damsels. The book-stalls are full to-day of works written in the first person singular, and relating deeds of the utmost daring; while on the cover is a portrait of the author—the aforesaid smug man in spectacles—who has not the good sense to suppress himself.

Fitz was tall and lithe. He had a large brown moustache and pleasantly thoughtful eyes. His smile was the kindest I have ever met. Moreover, a modester man than Fitz never breathed. He had a way of carrying his chin rather low, so that when he looked at one he had to raise his eyes, which imparted a pleasing suggestion of attention to his face. It always seemed to me that Fitz listened more carefully to what was said to him than other men are in the habit of doing.

"Say, doctor," he said, looking up at me in his peculiar, thoughtful way, "give me a chance."

I knew what he meant. He wanted me to send him to a certain death instead of young Thurkow. Those little missions to that bourne from whence no traveller returns are all in the work of a soldier's life, and we two were soldiers, although ours was the task of repairing instead of doing the damage. Every soldier-man and most civilians know that it is sometimes the duty of a red-coat to go and get killed without pausing to ask whether it be expedient or not. One aide-de-camp may be sent on a mad attempt to get through the enemy's lines, while his colleague rides quietly to the rear with a despatch inside his tunic, the delivery of which to the commander-in-chief will ensure promotion. And in view of this the wholesome law of seniority was in-

vented. The missions come in rotation, and according to seniority the men step forward.

Fitz Marner's place was at my side, where, by the way, I never want a better man, for his will was iron and he had no nerves whatever. Capoo, the stricken, was calling for help. Fitz and I knew more about cholera than we cared to discuss just then. Some one must go up to Capoo to fight a hopeless fight and die. And old Fitz—God bless him!—was asking to go.

In reply I laughed.

"Not if I can help it. The fortune of war is the same for all."

Fitz tugged at his moustache and looked gravely at me.

"It is hard on the old man," he said.

"It is more than you can expect."

"Much," I answered. "I gave up expecting justice some years ago. I am sorry for the brigadier, of course. He committed the terrible mistake of getting his son into his own brigade, and this is the result. All that he does to-night he does on his own responsibility. I am not inclined to help him. If it had been you, I should not have moved an inch—you know that."

He turned half away, looking up speculatively at the yellow Indian moon.

"Yes," he muttered, "I know that."

And without another word he went back to the mess-room.

I went on and entered the palace. To reach the brigadier's quarters I had to pass down the whole length of the building, and I was not in the least surprised to see Elsie Matheson waiting for me in one of the passage-like ante-rooms. Elsie Matheson was bound to come into this matter sooner or later—I knew that; but I did not know in what capacity her advent might be expected.

"What is this news from Capoo?" she asked, without attempting to disguise her anxiety. Her father, assistant political officer in this affair, was not at Capoo or near there. He was up-stairs playing a rubber.

"Bad," I answered.

She winced, but turned no paler. Women and horses are always surprising me, and they never surprise me more than when in danger. Elsie Matheson was by no means a masculine young person. Had she been so I should not have troubled to mention her. For me, men cannot be too manly, nor women too womanly.

"What is the illness they have?" she asked.

"I really cannot tell you, Elsie," I answered. "Old Simpson has written me a long letter—he always had a fancy for symptoms, you know—but I can make nothing of it. The symptoms he describes are quite impossible. They are too scientific for me."

"You know it is cholera," she snapped out, with a strange little break in her voice which I did not like, for I was very fond of this girl.

"Perhaps it is," I answered.

She gave a funny little helpless look round her as if she wanted something to lean against.

"And who will go?" she asked. She was watching me keenly.

"Ah—that does not rest with me."

"And if it did?"

"I should go myself."

Her face lighted up suddenly. She had not thought of that. I bore her no ill-feeling, however. I did not expect her to love me.

"But they cannot spare you," she was kind enough to say.

"Everybody can always be spared—with alacrity," I answered; "but it is not a question of that. It is a question of routine. One of the others will have to go."

"Which one?" she asked, with a suddenly assumed indifference.

It was precisely the question in my own mind, but relative to a very different matter. If the decision rested with Miss Matheson, which of these two men would she send to Capoo? Perhaps I looked rather too keenly into her face, for she turned suddenly away and drew the gauzy wrap she had thrown over her evening dress more closely round her throat, for the passages were cold.

"That does not rest with me," I repeated, and I went on towards the brigadier's quarters, leaving her—a white shadow in the dimly lighted passage.

I found the chief at his own dinner-table with an untouched glass of wine before him.

"This is a bad business," he said, looking at me with haggard eyes. I had never quite realized before what an old man he was. His trim beard and moustache had been white for years, but he had always been a hale man up to his work—a fine soldier but not a great leader. There was a vein of indolence in Brigadier-General Thurkow's nature which had the same effect on his career as that caused by barnacles round a ship's keel. This inherent indolence was a steady drag on the man's life. Only one interest thoroughly aroused him—only one train of thought received the full gift of his mind. This one absorbing interest was his son Charlie, and it says much for Charlie Thurkow that we did not hate him.

The brigadier had lost his wife years before. All that belonged to ancient history—to the old Company days before our time. To say that he was absorbed in his son is to state the case in the mildest imaginable form. The love in this old man's heart for his reckless, happy-souled offspring was of that higher order which stops at nothing. There is a love that worketh wonders, and the same love can make a villain of an honest man.

I looked at old Thurkow, sitting white-lipped behind the decanter, and knew that there was villainy in his upright, honest heart. He scarcely met my eyes. He moved uneasily in his chair. All through a long life this man had carried nobly the noblest name that can be given to any—the name of gentleman. No great soldier, but a man of dauntless courage. No strategist, but a leader who could be trusted with his country's honor. Upright, honorable, honest, brave—and it had come to this. It had come to his sitting shamefaced before a poor

unknown sawbones—not daring to look him in the face.

His duty was plain enough. Charlie Thurkow's turn had come. Charlie Thurkow must be sent to Capoo—by his father's orders. But the old man—the soldier who had never turned his back on danger—could not do it.

We were old friends, this man and I. I owed him much. He had made my career, and I am afraid I had been his accomplice more than once. But we had never wronged any other man. Fitz had aided and abetted more than once. It had been an understood thing between Fitz and myself that the winds of our service were to be tempered to Charlie Thurkow, and I imagine we had succeeded in withholding the fact from his knowledge. Like most spoilt sons Charlie was a little selfish, with that convenient blindness which does not perceive how much dirty work is done by others.

But we had never deceived the brigadier. He was not easily deceived in those matters which concerned his son. I knew the old man very well, and for years I had been content to sit by the hour together and talk with him of Charlie. To tell the honest truth, Master Charlie was a very ordinary young man. I take it that a solution of all that was best in five Charles Thurkows would make up one Fitz Marner.

There was something horribly pathetic in the blindness of this usually keen old man on this one point. He would sit there stiffly behind the decanter fingering his wine-glass and make statements about Charlie which would have made me blush had that accomplishment not belonged to my past. A certain cheery impertinence which characterized Charlie was fondly set down as *savoir-faire* and dash. A cheap wit was held to be brilliancy and conversational finish. And somehow we had all fallen into the way of humoring the brigadier. I never told him, for instance, that his son was a very second-rate doctor and a nervous operator. I never hinted that many of the cures which had been placed to his credit were the work of Fitz—that

the men had no confidence in Charlie, and that they were somewhat justified in their opinion.

"This is a bad business," repeated the brigadier, looking hard at the despatch that lay on the table before him.

"Yes," I answered.

He tossed the paper towards me and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down!" he said sharply. "Have you had any report from poor Barber?"

In response I handed him the beginning of an official report. I say the beginning, because it consisted of four lines only. It was in Barber's handwriting, and it broke off suddenly in the middle of a word before it began to tell me anything. In its way it was a tragedy. Death had called for Barber while he was wondering how to spell "nauseous." I also gave him Colonel Simpson's letter, which he read carefully.

"What is it?" he asked suddenly, as he laid the papers aside.

"Officially—I don't know."

"And unofficially?"

"I am afraid it is cholera."

The brigadier raised his glass of claret a few inches from the table, but his hand was too unsteady, and he set the glass down again untouched. I was helplessly sorry for him. There was something abject and humiliating in his averted gaze. Beneath his white moustache his lips were twitching nervously.

For a few moments there was silence, and I dreaded his next words. I was trembling for his manhood.

"I suppose something must be done for them," he said at length hoarsely, and it was hard to believe that the voice was the voice of our leader—a man dreaded in warfare, respected in peace.

"Yes," I answered uncompromisingly.

"Some one must go to them —"

"Yes."

Again there was that horrid silence broken only by the tramp of the sentinel outside the glassless windows.

"Who?" asked the brigadier in a voice that was but little more than a whisper.

I suppose he expected it of me—I suppose he knew that even for him, even in mercy to an old man whose only joy in life trembled at that moment in the balance, I could not perpetrate a cruel injustice.

"It devolves on Charlie," I answered.

He gave one quick glance beneath his lashes and again lowered his eyes. I heard a long, gasping sound as if he found difficulty in breathing. He sat upright, and threw back his shoulders with a pitiable effort to be strong.

"Is he up to the work?" he asked quietly.

"I cannot conscientiously say that he is not."

"D——n it, man," he burst out suddenly, "is there no way out of it?"

"Yes—one way!"

"What is it?"

"I will go."

"That is impossible," he answered, with a sublime unconsciousness of his own huge selfishness which almost made me laugh. This man would have asked nothing for himself. For his son he had no shame in asking all. He would have accepted my offer, I could see that, had it been possible.

At this moment the door opened and Charlie Thurkow came in. His eyes were bright with excitement, and he glanced at us both quickly. He was quite well aware of his father's weakness in regard to himself, and I am afraid he sometimes took advantage of it. He often ignored discipline entirely, as he did in coming into the room at that moment.

I suppose there is in every one a sense of justice which accounts for the subtle annoyance caused by the devotion of parents and others—a devotion which has not the good sense to hide itself. There are few things more annoying than an exhibition of unjust love. I rose at once. The coming interview would be either painful or humiliating, and I preferred not to assist at it.

As I went down the dark passages a man in a staff uniform, wearing spurs, clanked past me. I did not know until later that it was Fitz, for I could not see his face.

I went back to my quarters, and was busy for some time with certain technicalities of my trade which are not worth detailing here. While I and my two dispensers were still measuring out and mixing drugs Fitz came to us.

"I am going to Capoo," he said quietly.

In his silent, quick way he was taking in all that we were doing. We were packing medical stores for Capoo. I did not answer him, but waited for further details. We could not speak openly before the two assistants at that moment, and somehow we never spoke about it at all. I glanced up at him. His face was pale beneath the sunburn. There was a drawn look just above his moustache, as if his lips were held tightly.

"I volunteered," he said, "and the brigadier accepted my offer."

Whenever the word "duty" is mentioned, I think of Fitz to this day.

I said nothing, but went on with my work. The whole business was too disgusting, too selfish, too unjust, to bear speaking of.

I had long known that Fitz loved Elsie Matheson. In my feeble way, according to my scanty opportunity, I had endeavored to assist him. But her name had never been mentioned between us except carelessly in passing conversation. I knew no details. I did not even know whether Elsie knew of his love; but it was exceedingly likely that if she did he had not told her. As to her feelings I was ignorant. She loved somebody, that much I knew. One can generally tell that. One sees it in a woman's eyes. But it is one thing to know that a woman loves, and quite another to find out whom she loves. I have tried in vain more than once. I once thought that I was the favored person—not with Elsie, with quite another woman—but I was mistaken. I only know that those women who have that in their

eyes which I have learnt to recognize are better women than those who lack it.

Fitz was the first to speak.

"Don't put all of that into one case," he said to one of the dispensers, indicating a row of bottles that stood on the floor. "Divide the different drugs over the cases, so that one or two of them can be lost without doing much harm."

His voice was quite calm and practical.

"When do you go?" I asked curtly. I was rather afraid of trusting my voice too long, for Fitz is one of the few men who have really entered into my life sufficiently to leave a blank space behind them. I have been a rolling stone, and what little moss I ever gathered soon got knocked off, but it left scars. Fitz left a scar.

"My orders are to start to-night—with one trooper," he answered.

"What time?"

"In half an hour."

"I will ride with you a few miles," I said.

He turned and went to his quarters, which were next to mine. I was still at work when Charlie Thurkow came in. He had changed his dress clothes for an old working suit. I was working in my evening dress—a subtle difference.

"Do you want any help?" he asked. I could hear a grievance in his voice.

"Of course; get on packing that case; plenty of straw between the bottles."

He obeyed me, working slowly, badly, without concentration, as he always did.

"It's a beastly shame, isn't it?" he muttered presently.

"Yes," I answered, "it is."

I suppose he did not detect the sarcasm.

"Makes me look a fool," he said heatedly. "Why couldn't the governor let me go and take my chance?"

The answer to this question being beyond my ken, I kept a discreet silence. Giving him further instructions, I presently left my junior to

complete the task of packing up the necessary medicaments for our use at Capoo.

In less than half an hour Fitz and I mounted our horses. A few of the fellows came out of the mess-room, cigar in mouth, to say good-bye to Fitz. One or two of them called out "Good luck" as we left them. Each wish was followed by a little laugh, as if the wisher was ashamed of showing even so minute an emotion. It was, after all, all in the way of our business. Many a time Fitz and I had stood idle while these same men rode out to face death. It was Fitz's turn now—that was all.

The Sikh trooper was waiting for us in the middle of the square—in the moonlight—a grand picturesque figure. A long-faced, silent man, with deep eyes and a grizzled moustache. He wheeled his horse, and dropped ten paces in our rear.

In the course of a varied experience Fitz and I had learnt to ride hard. We rode hard that night beneath the yellow moon, through the sleeping, odorous country. We both knew too well that cholera under canvas is like a fire in a timber-yard. You may pump your drugs upon it, but without avail unless the pumping be scientific. Fitz represented science. Every moment meant a man's life. Our horses soon settled into their stride with a pleasant creaking sound of warm leather and willing lungs.

The moon was above and behind us; we each had a galloping shadow beneath our horse's fore feet. It was a sandy country, and the hoofs only produced a dull thud. There was something exhilarating in the speed—in the shimmering Indian atmosphere. A sense of envy came over me, and I dreaded the moment when I should have to turn and ride soberly home, leaving Fitz to complete his forty-five miles before daylight.

We were riding our chargers. They had naturally fallen into step, and bounded beneath us with a regular, mechanical rhythm. Both alike had their heads down, their shoulders for-

ward, with that intelligent desire to do well which draws a man's heart towards a horse in preference to any other animal. I looked sideways at Fitz, and waited for him to speak. But he was staring straight in front of him and seemed lost in thought.

"You know," I said at length, "you have done that old man an ill turn. Even if you come back he will never forgive himself. He will never look either of us straight in the face again."

"Can't help that," replied Fitz. "The thing——" he paused, as if choosing his words. "If," he went on rather quickly, "the worst comes to the worst, don't let people—*any one*—think that I did it because I didn't care, because I set no value on my life. The thing was forced upon me. I was asked to volunteer for it."

"All right," I answered, rather absent-mindedly perhaps. I was wondering who "any one" might be, and also who had asked him to throw away his life. The latter might, of course, be the brigadier. Surely it could not have been Elsie. But, as I said before, I always was uncertain about women.

I did not say anything about hoping for the best. Fitz and I had left all that nonsense behind us years before. We did our business amidst battle, murder, and sudden death. Perhaps we were callous, perhaps we had only learnt to value the thing at its true worth, and did not set much fear on death.

And then, I must ask you to believe, we fell to talking "shop." I knew a little more about cholera than did Fitz, and we got quite interested in our conversation. It is, I have found, only in books that men use the last moment to advantage. Death has been my road-fellow all through life, and no man has yet died in my arms saying quite the right thing. Some of them made a joke, others were merely commonplace, as all men really are whether living or dying.

When the time came for me to turn back, Fitz had said nothing fit for post-mortem reproduction. We had talked

unmitigated "shop," except the few odd observations I have set down.

We shook hands, and I turned back at once. As I galloped I looked back, and in the light of the great tropical moon I saw Fitz sitting forward in his saddle as the horse rose to the slope of a hill, galloping away into the night, into the unknown, on his mission of mercy. At his heels rode the Sikh, enormous, silent, soldierly.

During my steady run home I thought of those things concerning my craft which required immediate consideration. Would it be necessary to send down to India for help? Cholera at Capoo might mean cholera everywhere in this new unknown country. What about the women and children? The Wandering Jew was abroad; would he wander in our direction, with the legendary curse following on his heels? Was I destined to meet this dread foe a third time? I admit that the very thought caused a lump to rise in my throat. For I love Thomas Atkins. He is manly and honest according to his lights. It does not hurt me very much to see him with a bullet through his lungs or a sabre cut through the collar-bone down to the same part of his anatomy. But it does hurt me exceedingly to see honest Thomas die between the sheets—the death of any common civilian beggar. Thomas is too good for that.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning when I rode into the Palace Square. All round I saw the sentinels, their bayonets gleaming in the moonlight. A man was walking backwards and forwards in the middle of the square by himself. When he heard me he came towards me. At first I thought that it was my servant waiting to take the horse, but a moment later I recognized Charlie Thurkow—recognized him by his fair hair, for he was hatless. At the same time my syce roused himself from slumber in the shadow of an arch, and ran forward to my stirrup.

"Come to the hospital!" said Thurkow the moment I alighted. His voice was dull and unnatural. I once heard

a man speak in the same voice while collecting his men for a rush which meant certain death. The man was duly killed, and I think he was trembling with fear when he ran to his death.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know."

We walked—almost ran—to the hospital, a long, low building in the palace compound. Charlie Thurkow led the way to a ward which we had never used—a ward I had set apart for infectious cases. A man was dozing in a long chair in the open window. As we entered he rose hastily and brought a lamp. We bent over a bed—the only one occupied. The occupant was a man I did not know. He looked like a Goorkha, and he was dying. In a few moments I knew all that there was to know. I knew that the Wandering Jew had passed our way.

"Yes," I said, rising from my knees at the bedside; "we have it."

Of the days that followed it is not my intention to say much. A woman once told me that I was afraid of nothing. She was mistaken. If she chance to read this and recognize it, I hope she will believe the assertion: I am and always have been afraid of cholera—in India. In Europe it is a different matter. The writing of those days would be unpleasant to me; the reading would be still less pleasant to the reader.

Brigadier-General Thurkow rose to the occasion, as we all expected him to do. It is one thing to send a man to a distant danger, and quite another to go with him into a danger which is close at hand. Charlie Thurkow and I were the only two doctors on the spot, and before help could reach us we should probably all be dead or cured. There was no shirking now. Charlie and I were at work night and day, and in the course of thirty-six hours Charlie got interested in it. He reached the fighting point—that crisis in an epidemic of which doctors can tell—that point where there is a certain glowing sense of battle over each bed—where death and the doctor see each other face

to face—fight hand to hand for the life.

The doctor loses his interest in the patient as a friend or a patient; all his attention is centred on the life as a life, and a point to be scored against the adversary Death.

We had a very bad time for two days. At the end of that time I had officers bearing her Majesty's commission serving under me as assistant nurses, and then the women came into it. The first to offer herself was the wife of a non-commissioned officer in the Engineers, who had been through Netley. I accepted her. The second woman was Elsie Matheson. I refused point blank.

"Sooner or later," she said, looking at me steadily with something in her eyes which I could not make out, "you will have to take me."

"Does your father know you have come to me?" I retorted.

"Yes; I came with his consent."

I shook my head and returned to my writing. I was filling in a list of terrific length. She did not go away, but stood in front of me with a certain tranquillity which was unnatural under the circumstances.

"Do you want help?" she asked calmly.

"God knows I do."

"But not mine——"

"Not yet, Elsie. I have not got so far as that yet."

I did not look up, and she stood quite still over me—looking down at me—probably noting that the hair was getting a little thin on the top of my head. This is not a joke. I repeat she was probably noting that. People do note such things at such moments.

"If you do not take me," she said in a singularly even voice, "I shall go up to Capoo. Can you not see that that is the only thing that can save me from going to Capoo—or going mad?"

I laid aside my pen, and looked up into her face, which she made no pretence of hiding from me. And I saw that it was as she said.

"You can go to work at once," I

said, "under Mrs. Martin, in ward number four."

When she had left me I did not go on filling in the list from the notes in my pocket-book. I fell to wasting time instead. So it was Fitz. I was not surprised, but I was very pleased. I was not surprised, because I have usually found that the better sort of woman has as keen a scent for the good men as we have. And I thought of old Fitz—the best man I ever served with—fighting up at Capoo all alone, while I fought down in the valley. There was a certain sense of companionship in the thought, though my knowledge and experience told me that our chances of meeting again were very small indeed.

We had not heard from Capoo. The conclusion was obvious: they had no one to send.

Elsie Matheson soon became a splendid nurse. She was quite fearless—not with dash, but with the steady fearlessness that comes from an ever-present sense of duty, which is the best. She was kind and tender, but she was a little absent. In spirit she was nursing at Capoo; with us she was only in the body.

When Charlie Thurkow heard that she had gone into ward number four, he displayed a sudden, singular anger.

"It's not fit for her," he said. "How could you do it?"

And I noticed that so far as lay in his power he kept the worst cases away from number four.

It occasionally happens in life that duty is synonymous with inclination; not often, of course, but occasionally. I twisted inclination round into duty, and put Elsie to night work, while Charlie Thurkow kept the day watches. I myself was forced to keep both as best I could.

Whenever I went into number four ward at night before (save the mark) going to bed, I found Elsie Matheson waiting for me. It must be remembered that she was quite cut off from the little world that surrounded us in the palace. She had no means of obtaining news. Her only link with the

outer universe was an occasional patient brought in more dead than alive, and too much occupied with his own affairs to trouble about those of other people.

"Any news?" she would whisper to me as we went round the beds together; and I knew that she meant Capoo. Capoo was all the world for her. It is strange how some little unknown spot on the earth will rise up and come into our lives never to leave the memory again.

"Nothing," I replied with a melancholy regularity.

Once only she broke through her reserve — through the habit of bearing pain in silence which she had acquired by being so much among dying men.

"Have you no opinion?" she asked, with a sharpness in her voice which I forgave as I heard it.

"Upon what subject?"

"Upon — the chances."

I shrugged my shoulders.

"He is a good man — there is no better in India — that is all I can say. Just hold the candle a little closer, will you, please? Thanks — yes — he is quite dead."

We passed on to the next bed.

"It is both his duty and his inclination to take care of himself," I said as we went — going back with her in the spirit to Capoo.

"How do you know it is his inclination?" she asked guardedly.

And I knew that I was on the right path. The vague message given to "any one" by Fitz as he rode by my side that night — only a week before, although it seemed to be months — that message was intended for Elsie. It referred to something that had gone before, of which I had no knowledge.

"Because he told me so," I answered.

And then we went on with our work. Charlie Thurkow was quite right. I knew that all along. It was not fit for her. Elsie was too young, too gentle and delicate for such a place as ward number four. I make no mention of her beauty, for I took no heed of it then. It was there — but it had noth-

ing to do with this matter. Also I have never seen why women who are less blessed or cursed by beauty should be less considered in such matters, as they undoubtedly are.

I was up and about all that night. The next morning rose gloomily as if the day was awakening unrefreshed by a feverish sleep. The heat had been intense all night, and we could look for nothing but an intensification of it when the sun rose with a tropical aggressiveness. I wanted to get my reports filled in before lying down to snatch a little rest, and was still at work when Charlie Thurkow came in to relieve me. He looked ghastly, but we all did that, and I took no notice. He took up the ward-sheets and glanced down the columns.

"Wish I had gone to Capoo," he muttered. "It couldn't have been worse than this."

I had finished my writing, and I rose. As I did so Charlie suddenly clapped his hand to his hip.

"I say!" he exclaimed, "I say."

He looked at me in a stupid way, and then suddenly he tottered towards me and I caught him.

"Old chap," he exclaimed thickly, with his face against my shoulder, "I've got it. Take me to number four."

He had seen by the list that there was a vacant cot in number four.

I carried him there, stumbling as I went, for I was weak from want of sleep.

Elsie had just gone to her room, and Mrs. Martin was getting the vacant bed ready. I was by that bedside all day. All that I knew I did for Charlie Thurkow. I dosed myself with more than one Indian drug to stimulate the brain — to keep myself up to doing and thinking. This was a white man's life, and God forgive me if I set undue store upon it as compared with the black lives we were losing daily. This was a brain that could think for the rest. There was more than one man's life wrapped up in Charlie Thurkow's. One can never tell. My time might come at any moment, and the help we

had sent for could not reach us for another fortnight.

Charlie said nothing. He thanked me at intervals for some little service rendered, and nearly all the time his eyes were fixed upon the clock. He was reckoning with his own life. He did not want to die in the day, but in the night. He was deliberately spinning out his life till the night nurse came on duty. I suppose that in his superficial, happy-go-lucky way he loved her.

I pulled him through that day, and we managed to refrain from waking Elsie up. At nightfall she came to her post. When she came into the room I was writing a note to the brigadier. I watched her face as she came towards us. There was only distress upon it — nothing else. Even women — even beautiful women grow callous; thank Heaven! Charlie Thurkow gave a long sigh of relief when she came.

My note was duly sent to the brigadier, and five minutes afterwards I went out on to the verandah to speak to him. I managed to keep him out of the room by a promise that he should be sent for later. I made no pretence about it, and he knew that it was only the question of a few hours when he walked back across the Palace Square to his quarters. I came back to the verandah and found Elsie waiting to speak to me.

"Will he die?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Quite sure?"

There was a strange glitter in her eyes which I could not understand. "Quite," I answered, forgetting to be professional.

She looked at me for a moment as if she were about to say something, and then she apparently decided not to say it.

I went towards a long chair which stood on the verandah.

"I shall lie down here," I said, "and sleep for an hour."

"Yes, do," she answered almost gratefully.

"You will wake me if you want me?"

"Yes."

"Wake me when — the change comes."

"Yes."

In a few moments I was asleep. I do not know what woke me up. It seemed to be very late. All the sounds of barrack-life were hushed. The moon was just up. I rose to my feet and turned to the open window. But there I stopped.

Elsie was kneeling by Charlie Thurkow's bed. She was leaning over him, and I could see that she was kissing him. And I knew that she did not love him.

I kicked against the chair purposely. Elsie turned and looked towards me with her hand still resting on Charlie Thurkow's forehead. She beckoned to me to go to them, and I saw at once that he was much weaker. She was stroking his hair gently. She either gave me credit for great discernment, or she did not care what I thought.

I saw that the time had come for me to fulfil my promise to the brigadier, and went out of the open window to send one of the sentinels for him. As I was speaking to the man I heard the clatter of horse's feet, and a Sikh rode hard into the Palace Square. I went towards him, and he, recognizing me, handed me a note which he extracted from the folds of his turban. I opened the paper and read it by the light of the moon. My heart gave a leap in my throat. It was from Fitz. News at last from Capoo.

"We have got it under," he wrote.

"I am coming down to help you. Shall be with you almost as soon as the bearer."

As I walked back towards the hospital the brigadier came running behind me, and caught me up as I stepped in by the window. I had neither time nor inclination just then to tell him that I had news from Capoo. The Sikh no doubt brought official despatches which would reach their destination in due course. And in the mean time Charlie Thurkow was dying.

We stood round that bed and waited, silent, emotionless for the angel.

Charlie knew only too well that the end was very near. From time to time he smiled rather wearily at one or the other of us, and once over his face there came that strange look of a higher knowledge which I have often noted, as if he knew something that we did not—something which he had been forbidden to tell us.

While we were standing there the matting of the window was pushed aside, and Fitz came softly into the dimly lighted room. He glanced at me, but attempted no sort of salutation. I saw him exchange a long, silent look with Elsie, and then he took his station at the bedside next to Elsie, and opposite to the brigadier, who never looked up.

Charlie Thurkow recognized him, and gave him one of those strangely patronizing smiles. Then he turned his sunken eyes towards Elsie. He looked at her with a gaze that became more and more fixed. We stood there for a few minutes—then I spoke.

"He is dead," I said.

The brigadier raised his eyes and looked across to Fitz. For a second these two men looked down into each other's souls, and I suppose Fitz had his reward. I suppose the brigadier had paid his debt in full. I had been through too many painful scenes to wish to prolong this. So I turned away, and a general move was the result.

Then I saw that Elsie and Fitz had been standing hand in hand all the while.

So wags the world.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A CONGESTED DISTRICT.

THE great Atlantic waves beat straight against the wild rocks of the south Irish coast, where they have worn deep black caverns in the twisted strata. The Bull Rock trembles under their blows in winter, and in summer the long swell never ceases. But the Gulf Stream gives warmth to the fresh sea air, and the lowlands are enriched

by the soft rains that wash the hills. So also with the race that lives on in these wild and remote regions. Passion and violence and violent remedies may undermine and break up the strongest society, but warm affections, and the slow, unconscious changes which through centuries of unnoticed influence modify the barbarism of backward peoples, are the factors which bring most good with them in the end.

South-west Cork and Kerry form a large "congested district," into which railways have hardly penetrated, and which few visit beyond the tourist route to Killarney. The term suggests to us a hunger-stricken land of mountains and bogs,—of hovels where the peat-smoke issues from the roof, and the pigs sleep with the peasants; where ruined cottars lurk with guns behind the walls, and starving women sit in rags, and crowds of beggars torment the traveller. But such ideas are mainly founded on Irish novels which speak of the condition of Ireland a century ago, and the visitor is astonished now to mark the signs of comfort, and even of prosperity, among the peasantry of a congested district.

The district in question is formed by the ranges which run out from the Macgillicuddy Reeks, bordering on the great arms of the sea called Bantry Bay, Kenmare River, and Dingle Bay. The first of these—five miles wide, and twenty long—possesses the best anchorage along the coast, which—well lighted, and free as a rule from dangerous rocks and reefs—is one of the safest in the islands. The hills run with picturesque peaks and sharp ridges far out to sea, where the Skelligs and other wild islands rise from the ocean. They are of dark carboniferous shale, which extends over a wide area of southern Ireland, with dykes of white quartz, often rich with lodes of iron, copper, and lead. Utterly barren, and scored by prehistoric glaciers, they show here and there the white thread of a mountain torrent, and hold on their slopes dark trout-lakes fringed with rushes. In

autumn they are purple with heather ; and among the rocks swampy bogs are formed by the thick matted turf and moss. The large blue *pinguicula* flowers on the bogs, and the *osmunda* hangs over the brooks. Hungry Hill, the Sugar-Loaf, and other names, are suggestive of the character of these dark mountains, whose heads are so often hidden in the mists, and rise straight from the sea more than two thousand feet, recalling the finest scenery of Snowdon. In parts they are disforested, and men can still remember the corpses of yew, holly, and arbutus which were cut down for charcoal burning ; but where, as at Glengarrif ("the rough glen") and Dunboy, the trees have been preserved, the scenery in the lower ground is as beautiful as that of Windermere. The cedar, larch, and fir, find footing on the shallow soil ; the oak, ash, elm, beech, lime, and ilex, growing unthinned, resist the fury of the winter gales. So warm is the air that even the date-palm will grow in Valencia ; and in the plantations we find not only the azalea and the rhododendron, the camellia and magnolia, but even tropical and American plants not found elsewhere in Britain, while the fuchsias and hydrangeas grow as trees. The orchids of the bogs are mingled with wild-roses and foxgloves.

Small fields, with banks of turf and stone, climb up the lower slopes, or cover the valleys. Little is grown in them save patches of potato and oats ; but the hay harvest is rich, and they pasture mountain sheep, from whose wool the peasant dress is spun, and small black Kerry cows, and sturdy horses and asses. Comfortable-looking farmhouses shine white with lime-wash among groups of trees, and suggest a cleanliness which, alas ! is betrayed by their slovenly interiors, and by the slush in which many pink pigs are delighting. The cottars' dry-stone cabins are miserable enough, but they have, at least generally, glass windows and chimneys. Viewed from a little distance, the hamlets and farmsteads seem as comfortable as in England,

and light up the landscape by their uniform whitewash.

A great harvest is reaped yearly also in the sea ; and it is indeed on the fisheries rather than on the fields that the people depend. The coasts swarm with all manner of fish — mackerel and herring, pollock and bass, salmon and sea-trout, turbot, brill, soles, plaice, bream, gurnet, mullet, and whiting. In fair weather you may see noble salmon leaping in the bays where the porpoises are rolling or grunting under the boat. The bottle-nosed whale comes in schools to hunt the herring, and after him the swordfish and the terrible thresher, who leaps from the sea and brings his flail-like tail with heavy blows on the whale's back. The shores are black with myriads of sprats, and after these the mackerel rush into the shallows, churning all the water as though a squall were passing. After these fierce and vigorous hunters the hungry gulls are chasing, and behind them comes the fisher with his red nets, soon filled with the frantic, struggling mass of opalescent fish.

The mountains and shores are the haunts of many wild beasts and birds, some of which have become almost extinct elsewhere, in our islands. Martens and hares are among these, and the sea-otter whose fur is soft as the beaver's. White seals are found on the rocks ; and from the caverns come forth flocks of green cormorants who dive at once, while the blue rock-pigeons follow them, and rise high as they issue. In the mountains you find the heron flapping beside the boggy stream, and wild ducks, sea snipe, curlew, cranes, waterhens, grebes, and loons haunt the shores. The beautiful gannet — strongest of gulls — with white wings tipped with black, and yellow beak, falls like a thunderbolt from a height of a hundred feet into the sea, upon the mackerel, or perhaps on a conger which will twist round its neck, and choke the enemy which it drags beneath the water. Over the waves you see the "sea-parrots" or puffins scudding, with petrels, razor-bills, and the showy oyster-catcher with

his black and white plumage and long red bill. The grouse have for the most part been killed off by ravens, hawks, and weasels; but partridges are found in the fields; and when the snow lies on the mountains the woodcock come down into the coverts. The country is full of interest for the fisherman and sportsman; for huge purple lobsters with gold-fringed tails and great red crawfish are caught by the fishers, who will sometimes coast for a month living in their boats, and sheltering in the caves till the steamers come for their catch. Fleets of fishing-boats from France, and from the Isle of Man, also visit the bays, and these indeed are the principal fishers. The nautical character of the peasantry is however shown by their frequent allusions to points of the compass. An amusing instance of this was the advice to a man who could not mount a horse. "Put your north leg on the south side of him"—which would of course have seated him with his face to the tail.

But perhaps the wildest scene in all the districts is presented by the Skellig rocks off Dingle Bay. They rise in pinnacles of slate, utterly barren and wind-swept. The lesser Skellig, nearer land, is remarkable for its notched outlines, and for the great flying buttress formed by the undermining waves. As you approach it you seem to see it painted cream-color in bands, but these are the numberless gannets who sit in their nests on the ledges—nests rudely made of seaweed which they have dried for days before using it. If you land they will not rise, but sit pecking at your legs; and so fierce are these gulls that they drive all other birds from the rock. When the nesting is over they break up, and in winter shelter in the caves of the west coast. The greater Skellig rises in a pinnacle seven hundred feet above the sea, and presents tilted cliffs of slate and shale, blue, grey, and russet-colored, on which nothing grows but the moss-like sea-pink. From a little distance, in summer, the cliffs seem to be strewn with large hailstones or eggs, but at the sound of the steamer's whistle the air

is filled with a gnat-like swarm of puffins—called locally sea-parrots or Welsh parrots—which fly heavily round the crags; while in the caves lower down the beautiful kittiwake, with white and dove-colored plumage, utters its warning cry, "kittyweek, kittyweek." The Skellig, or "Penance"¹ island, takes its name from the group of huts built by the monks near its summit—half-a-dozen dry-stone cells with two small chapels on the edge of the precipice, reached by a long flight of seven hundred slate steps, laboriously placed by the hermits. Half-way up a weather-worn Irish cross hangs over the cliff, and the rude outline of the stone now resembles a monk beckoning towards the sea. The graves of the brethren are within the surrounding wall, with one larger cross for some abbot who died among them; and outside the enclosure is a single hut—perhaps the dead-house or cell for the sick. Tradition would assign this hermitage to the eighth century, though the appearance of the masonry makes it more probable that it belonged to the Abbey of Ballinskellig on the mainland, and to the grey friars of the fourteenth century. It is hard to understand how the monks can have existed—even on flour and pulse—in so utterly desolate an island, often not approachable by boats. The name seems to suggest that it was a place of temporary penance, or of refuge from persecution, and of retreat in Lent. The ceremony of "Skellig Night" till recently still preceded Lent, when men with horns and tin pots went round the villages, inviting young men and girls to be off to the Skelligs for their weddings.

A region so wild has naturally bred a wild and hardy race; and it furnishes yearly many valuable recruits to our navy, and many successful colonists to America. It cannot support more than a scanty population; and its boglands—where the wild Tories used to hide from their Whig enemies—cannot yield more than turf. It can

¹ Other authorities say that the word only means "rocks."

never be a rich agricultural country, such as is found between Cork and Dublin; and it is impossible to expect high rents from any but the best lands in the valleys. But there is no doubt that the people might be better off than they are, if they did not stand in their own light; and that they are already much more comfortable and even more prosperous than is generally thought. The intention of the present account is not to discuss the proceedings of Irish politicians, who so often when they have climbed the steep hill of ambition find—as in their own mountains—only a bog on the summit; but rather to consider what are the silent influences at work on the people of these remote districts, and how far they tend to good or to evil. Before describing the peasantry as they now are, we may, however, with advantage glance at their past history, and try to understand what elements make up the population, and how they came to be found in the land.

It must be remembered in this connection that the independence of the Irish in the south-west lasted till a very recent period. In spite of Elizabeth's ban on the language, and of Cromwell's conquests, the Sullivans of Dunboy and of Bantry were powerful chiefs down to the close of the sixteenth century. Sir George Carew only took the Dunboy Castle—still a grass-grown ruin in the woods—in 1602, after a fruitless attempt of its defenders to blow it up. A generation later Algerine rovers were still descending on the coast; and in 1698 the French under Renault were foiled at Bantry in their attempt to aid James II. Even as late as 1796 General Hoche, with thirty-six sail, endeavored to land several thousand men at the same place—*Ban-tra*, or the "White Strand"—but they were stoutly resisted by Richard White, created afterwards the first Lord Bantry, and suffered from the January storms, one vessel being, it is said, still left lying in the bay off Whiddy Island. The silver medal granted for this defence,

to officers and men, bore the legend, "Afflavit Deus et dissipantur."

The Irish believe that a Spanish element exists in the south and west, and is marked by such names as *Iago*—also found in Cornwall; but this is denied by others. The custom of sleeping in the middle of the day, which is still found in the west, is said to be derived from the Spanish *siesta*. But it may be the natural consequence of having little to do. Whatever be the truth as to the existence of such foreign strains in the native blood, it is certain that the men of Cork and of Kerry are not pure Celts; and a strong infusion of Danish nationality is found in the east of Ireland, according to the most recent ethnographical maps.

But even after the loss of Dunboy—the last Irish stronghold taken by the English—the native chiefs continued to have much influence among their followers. Their estates were confiscated for the Desmond and Tyrone rebellions, and the theory of private property in land became known to the Irish; for under their own chiefs the tenure—as among primitive peoples in all parts of the world—was a tribal tenure, and the right to land was only due to cultivation. It is not to be wondered that some confused ideas, tracing back to the seventeenth century, should still survive, and that the right to peat on the mountains, or to game, should still be regarded as common to all. Such ideas among the peasantry certainly exist, and they are not the result of recent teaching.

Dunboy has been made famous by Froude, in connection with the last struggles of the Sullivans. In 1750 the lands had become the property of the Puxley family from Galway, and Mr. John Puxley was in the dangerous position of commanding the revenue men. Morty Oghe ("the young able seaman") was an exile, and his famous escape through the Sound of the Durezeys, after sailing under fire between the Crowhead and the seething waters of the Cat Rock, is even now remembered. It was said by his adherents

that the revenue men, after killing Denis O'Sullivan, kicked the boy's head as a football on the road; and whether true or not, it was in revenge for the alleged brutality of his followers that Morty Oghe shot Mr. John Puxley, riding his white horse to church with his wife on the pillion. The spot is still shown at the gate of Dunboy. Morty Oghe was not himself popular with many of the peasantry, for he had been active in the kidnapping of the "wild geese" for service in France. A car to bear his body, when he in turn was caught and killed, was denied; and, amid mingled wailing and curses, his corpse was towed behind the Speedwell to Queenstown, and his head set on the gates of Cork. Popular superstition says that the fish still refuse to cross the path of his body in the bay; but within a century and a half the owners of Dunboy have come to be regarded with pride and affection, as belonging to the country in which they once were strangers. It is not a very long time to look back to 1460, when the Vallis Juncosa was the last refuge of the original Irish, retreating before the English to the range which divides Cork and Kerry; but it is still less time since the O'Sullivans of the seventeenth century were giving asylum to fugitive Tories, and since Mac-Geoghan tried to blow up Dunboy Castle after the stout resistance against Carew. The grey friars of the Skelligs have given place to the lighthouse men on that lonely crag; the brutal revenue officers have been replaced by the steady and respectable coastguards, whose trim houses are an example to the cottagers. The wild Sullivans have left only their name behind them; and their story is scarcely less a tradition than that of Beara, the Irish princess, buried in the mountains near Eireez, from whom Bere Island — the protecting barrier of Bantry Bay — is named. Such progress has this remote part of Britain made within a century and a half, though still distant from cities and railways, and in spite of many bitter memories of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when oppression

and neglect alike rendered the English government and the Irish Parliament hateful to the peasantry. But the "bad days" have passed away twelve years ago, and a better prospect is before the country under existing conditions than it ever before could expect.

The peasantry present a stalwart, healthy appearance, and are better fed, and better clothed and shod, than many Continental peoples. Beggars are few except on the tourist route, perhaps because there are so few from whom to beg. Indeed, in the south of England there are many more to be seen than in Ireland. The health of the people has improved under the influence of sanitary laws, though these are still less rigidly enforced than they should be. The terrible typhus which used to rage in the mountains is almost stamped out, and the care of the doctor has superseded the old prescriptions of whiskey or of charms. We speak, be it noted, of the country, not of the towns; for Dublin is a hotbed of typhoid and small-pox, and the destitution of its slums is more appalling than that of London or New York. Poverty is easier to bear in the open country, where the fresh sea air is always blowing, than in the noisome city dens; and the dwellers in the east-ends of cities deserve more compassion than the Irish peasant in the south.

Three types at least are observable in the south of Ireland: first, the dark Italian-looking Celt, also found in Devon; secondly, the tall, yellow-haired Danish type; and thirdly, the aboriginal Aryan of the Volga, with red or auburn hair and blue or green eyes, who may also be found in Cornwall. The dark aquiline type of Wales differs considerably from that of the Irish; and the Irish language is nearer akin to Cornish than to Welsh. The traditional Irishman of caricatures is not often seen in the south, though this type is not unknown even among the upper classes. The soft features and bright eyes of the modest peasant women present many varieties of beauty; and the mingled race of Cork and Kerry — fairer as a rule than that

of the far west—is as vigorous as any in Scotland or in Yorkshire.

The intelligence of the people is also remarkable, and the quickness of their comprehension is greater than that of the light-haired Saxons of Wilts or Berkshire. The courtesy of their manners, and their primitive hospitality to strangers, are equally notable. The desire to please is not always consistent with regard for truth. If you ask an Englishman whether it will be a fine day he says he does not know. A Scotsman answers, "You will be going far the day?" but an Irishman says, "A fine day sure, your honor," even when the rain is falling in the distance. Go into the cottages, and, as in the Welsh mountains, you are offered a glass of milk, for which the cottar would scorn to receive payment. To all your questions a cheerful and ready—if not always reliable—answer is returned, and the people seem anxious to help you on your way. But further experience will show you a less pleasing reverse to the picture. The Irishman has not the sturdy and often rude independence of the Scot; he believes in diplomacy, in influence and favor; but he has a sharp eye to his own interest. The man who flatters you to your face speaks ill of you behind your back, and denounces his neighbors with whom he has quarrelled, when they are not by. The people are extremely fond of going to law on the most trifling grounds. If a regatta is planned in the harbor, the unsuccessful threaten the victors with actions, unless they are compensated for failure and disappointment. Their minds are more occupied with the encroachments of a neighbor's donkey than with any political question. They cannot unite, because they distrust each other. A private grudge is more to them than any advantage to be gained by combined action. Once make an enemy of an Irishman and you can never again rely on him, for when he most flatters he is most to be feared. The spirit of revenge—common to all wild peoples—may find satisfaction in the most futile attempts

at injury; and the litigant is better pleased by the sentence on his neighbor than by any compensation to himself. The command to forgive an enemy, and not to let the sun go down on anger, seems unknown to a people who have no Bible to read. In every Welsh cottage you may find, among a naturally pious people, a Bible in Welsh; but if the magistrate needs one in Ireland to swear a witness, he may have to send many miles to fetch it, if he has none with him.

The dress of the people is, as already remarked, sufficient and comfortable. It is usually of wool spun in the country; and though the women and children are barefooted at home, they are stoutly shod in the streets. Ten years ago bare feet were commoner in Edinburgh than they are now in Kerry. The old Irish dress, with long coat-tails, breeches, and brimless hat, has disappeared as completely as the Welsh costume. It is worn by a few old people, but is generally regarded as ridiculous; and the men are dressed like English peasants, with soft felt hats and suits such as have become universal in Europe. The women cover their heads with black or tartan shawls, beneath which gleams a glorious head of gold or auburn hair. The clothing is sold at monthly fairs, where also they purchase the dry cod-fish which, with potatoes and milk and white bread, forms their food. It is remarkable that they should prefer this somewhat greasy dish to the fresh fish so easily procured.

Another mark of gradual change in the population is the rapid disappearance of the Irish language. The Welsh are proud of their ancient tongue, of their poets and bards; and in Cambria you hear Welsh spoken all round you, and many do not understand English. But in Ireland the national schools teach English, and Irish is regarded with more or less contempt. The interpreter is still needed in the courts, for many of the cottars can best express themselves in Irish; but the people speak English to one another, and their English is remark-

able for its purity. It may interest learned societies to endeavor to preserve the ancient language, which is, however, not remarkable for its literature; but it is impossible to impose any language on any race when some other tongue is found more convenient. Even Welsh has borrowed an enormous vocabulary, first from Latin and more recently from English, to express those results of civilization for which no Welsh words existed. The tongue of the majority, and the language of commerce and of civilization, must of necessity prevail over artificial attempts to preserve the past. The census returns of Cork show that the Irish language is following the Cornish, and will become extinct long before the Gaelic of the Highlands in Scotland, or the Cymric of north Wales. The following return is sufficient to show what is happening in Cork:—

Year.	Total Population.	Speaking Irish only.
1871 . . .	140,730	11,628
1881 . . .	168,082	5,618
1891 . . .	117,447	2,275

In these returns we mark the decrease of Irish population within the last fifteen years; but we also mark a yet more rapid decrease of those who could not speak English. They numbered, a quarter of a century ago, about one in fourteen, and in 1881, one in thirty; but according to the latest census, only about one in sixty. As in England, Wales, and Scotland, so in Ireland, the earlier language is rapidly decaying, and finds its last refuge in the western mountains. The bonds of union are being naturally drawn closer by the intermingling of the various stocks—Celtic, Danish, and Saxon—from which the present race of Great Britain springs; and nowhere in the islands can a definite boundary be drawn between distinct nations.

The Scotch and Irish, within about a century, have become a whiskey-drinking people; but it cannot be said that they are less sober than the English. On the fair days in the south of Ireland there is much drunkenness,

though perhaps of less noisy character than in the north of England. The drunken man is guarded by a sober friend, or a wife or sister, and the brawls which follow are not more numerous or murderous than in London. A village of a thousand inhabitants may, it is true, have forty public houses; but drunkenness depends more on the quality of liquor than on the number of places where it can be bought. The evil is quite as great in the larger island as it is in Ireland, and as terrible a scourge on the educated classes as it is on the peasantry. The drinking at wakes is still a scandal; but they are conducted with much more decency than of old.

The cheerfulness of the people is another pleasing characteristic. You hear more laughter in Ireland than in England, though this at times has a false ring. They are fond of music and dancing, and still meet on fine moonlight nights at the cross-roads, where young men and girls dance to the tune of the fiddle, and the potato is thrown at the fair beloved, and the cup drunk to acknowledge the suitor. Bred in a wild, picturesque country, the natural poetic temperament of the Celt still finds expression in the eloquence of peasant speech. The following account of the loss of a sailor son might have come from the pages of Scott, yet it was uttered by a farmer's wife not many months since:—

“It was in the Black Sea that he fell from the bridge; and the captain said, ‘Is it Jack that is overboard?’ For he loved him like a son, and he plunged in to save him. And the water was wild, and he grasped—but it was only his cap. And a sad present it was that they sent me that Christmas—his silver watch and chain. And since then I have been weak and weary; for he was the first of thirteen, and I loved him the best. Ah! Jesus sent and Jesus took. I know it must be so; but when I sit on the rocks, I think maybe God took my son to some island in the sea; and when I see the birds skimming on the water, I think maybe he was not drowned, but will come up out

of the sea to his mother, who nursed him so dear."

There is no doubt that a strong family affection binds together the peasant families. It is to their honor that yearly sums come home from sons in America to keep together the old home. On the day of the American mail the post-office is crowded with peasant women sending off small parcels and letters to the West. The cottar clings to the hut in which he was born, and poor though it be—set amid swamps and barren hills—it is in his mind the greatest of misfortunes that he should not die in the home of his childhood, and be gathered to his fathers in the same burial-ground. America is regarded almost as being like India—a hot country from which it is necessary to come back sometimes to recruit the health at home. Many sons and daughters do so return for a time, and especially are coming home now while times are so bad in the States. However much they may wander, the love of home is as deep a sentiment in Irish breasts as among Scots or Saxons.

There are perhaps no people whom the Irish more resemble than the Italians. They have the same passionate temperament, the same courteous manners, the same diplomatic reserve, and the same disregard for truth and love of the *vendetta*. Nor is this unnatural, for in race and in language the Celts and the Latins—who separated from each other in Austria—are more closely connected than are either with the Teutonic peoples. The Celts passed on through France to Britain and to Ireland, while the Latins went south down the Italian peninsula. The Italians and the Irish have yet one more link in common, for they have the same religion.

The most remarkable custom in Ireland is the village funeral. Respect to the dead is a strong sentiment, and the money squandered on funerals is often sorely needed by the survivors. A long silent procession of men precedes the outside car, on which a polished coffin with a brass cross, but without

a pall, holds the body of some poor farmer or mechanic. The widow sits on the car, and a child perhaps leans its head on its father's coffin. The blackshawled women who follow raise the low mourning cry, which carries us back to the far East, reminding us of the times of Jeremiah, and of the mourning women who still wave their kerchiefs at the bier in Syria. All the farmers in the district may be following on horseback, and the priest comes last in his cassock and biretta. A great deal of whiskey may have been drunk; but the demeanor of the crowd is decent and dejected. A good funeral is the pride of the family, and the greatest consolation for their loss.

Among a people who have so many virtues and good qualities, we might well have expected greater progress than can actually be found. What is the reason that they lag behind England, and that we hear so much of Irish misery? Many answers have been given, such as inequality of laws, distance from markets, sterile soil, and misfortune generally. But those who fail usually put the blame on anything rather than on themselves. The Scotch suffer in silence an equally grinding poverty, and are too proud to ask alms of richer peoples. The Welsh have an equally rugged country, but its cultivation far exceeds that of Ireland. The London market is indeed farther from Ireland than from Wales; but Bantry Bay is a third of the way to New York, and the trade of the south of Ireland with America is considerable. Unequal laws no longer exist; the rent has been reduced by more than half for upwards of ten years; and an annual grant of £48,000 has been given, as a free gift to the Irish cultivators. The Crimes Act is not in force in our congested district; and more attention has long been paid to Irish grievances than to any others. Yet the resources of the country are imperfectly developed, and the people do not take advantage of the benefits freely offered.

The reason is to be found in distrust, prejudice, and laziness, which may have sprung from former misgovern-

ment, but which are inherent in the national character. All primitive peoples are lazy, according to our modern standard of work ; and all such people are distrustful of strangers, even the most benevolent. There are many industries possible in Ireland, even though agriculture suffers as it does in England, and though the same depression is attacking the graziers and stock-raisers who have to compete with foreign markets. The fisheries form a natural source of wealth, which will bring £40 into the pockets of each man in two months—a very valuable addition to his income. Women and children earn half-a-crown a day for salting fish ; and enormous quantities of mackerel are pickled for the American markets at the curing-stations on the coast. But so carelessly is this done that the price is lower than elsewhere ; while the barrels which might be made in Ireland are all bought in England. The mines of the country are sometimes rich ; but many have failed through mismanagement, and the ore was sent for smelting to Wales. The Irish butter is made with so little care or regard to cleanliness, that it cannot compete with the delicately handled butter of Denmark and Normandy. Creameries have been established, and have failed to compete with those of other countries ; and cooperies have failed in like manner. If the Irish are to succeed they must be trained to abandon their slovenly and antiquated ideas of manufacture, and must learn that though a clever trick may for once succeed, it may lead to a permanent reduction of price when the buyer can depend on more reliable makers. It is for this reason that the silent work of the Congested Districts' Board has more value than the loudest protestations of Irish orators.

But there is a yet deeper-lying cause for Irish backwardness, which cannot be overlooked. The Scots and the Welsh have much Celtic blood in their veins, but they are much more progressive than the Irish. One great difference exists between these countries, and that is the difference of reli-

gion. Those who listen to the Church of Rome in *partibus* do not know what the Church of Rome still is when in power. If they had lived in Italy before the Revolution, they would have seen what the rule of priests really means ; and they may still see its results in Italy, Spain, and Ireland. In each case we note the same backwardness in civilization, as contrasted with the condition of Protestant countries. The ranks of the Roman clergy are not recruited from the best intellect or education of the age. In Italy and in Ireland alike the parish priest is usually of peasant origin ; and his education has been restricted by the fears of the Church. When the strongest influence in a peasant community is that of the priest, how can we expect enlightenment and progress ? It is possible that this influence is not as great as it was a century ago, but it is still the strongest of all. Wonderful stories are told (by Protestants) of the means used by the earlier priests to support their authority. It is asserted that they held over their flock not only the spiritual terrors of excommunication and damnation, but even the threat of transformation into the form of brute beasts. Such stories are hardly credible now, though they are told in Italy as well ; but it is certain that the priests in former times — Irishmen educated abroad, who had seen the world and visited Rome — were better fitted to rule and guide, and had more influence, than the present generation trained at Maynooth. The peasant cannot but reflect that the relations of his spiritual guide are well known to him as petty shopkeepers and farmers ; and he sometimes resents the airs of one whom he remembers as a peasant boy. But the priest still rules through the women with a rod of iron, and still at times does not scruple to use his stick as a better argument than his tongue. The schoolmasters of the National schools are appointed from former monitors, mainly through the influence of the priest. In these schools, which are sufficiently numerous, the education is good, and the

children exhibit great intelligence ; but they are hotbeds for dissemination of crude political theories, and of misguided prejudices ; and the omissions in teaching are remarkable. The history of England is never taught ; and we may imagine what—under such circumstances—the history of Ireland is supposed to have been.

The south of Ireland is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, the few Protestants being either land-owners or strangers from the north. Conversions from either Church are rare, and mixed marriages are not common. The disestablishment of the Protestant Church rid the Irish of a grievance, and may have been a blessing in disguise, as serving to purify the Church itself ; but that it was easily represented as a triumph for Rome is not difficult to imagine ; and it has served to rivet the chains of dependence for the peasant. In England, men may still believe in interest as superior to self-exertion, but they are ashamed to say so. In Ireland, a people who depend on the priest's favor for the regulation of domestic life openly avow their belief in the power of influence, and in the necessity of obedience.

The priest also practically appoints the member who represents the people in Parliament ; and his choice cannot include the local gentry when they are Protestants, or the land-agent, even when popular and respected. Opportunity is given to men of the humblest birth to become members. No doubt there must be ability and determination to allow a man born in a poor fisher's hut (now destroyed) to rise in life until he takes his seat at Westminster ; but his opportunity would not occur if the people were really free to choose. They regard with admiration the cleverness of their countrymen who have persuaded the English to believe in conditions which do not really exist ; but they do not implicitly trust such men. If they are asked why they elect them, the answer is, "Because we must. The priest says so." Easily led, and more intent upon their private affairs than on any large ques-

tions of politics, they elect the man nominated by their real master, and think little more about it. Not much money has been subscribed to the Nationalist cause in the south-west of Ireland. Outrages have been few even in the "bad days," and have been due either to some private grudge, or were in other cases the work of a paid emissary. In one district four ricks of hay were burned in succession in one night, and were supposed to have been all lighted by one man. He was an expelled school teacher recently returned from America ; and one of the ricks belonged to a priest of the old school—not a Nationalist—while the Protestant parson's hay was untouched. The people assembled to put out the fires ; and the perpetrator was seen in the crowd, and well known. Yet there was no evidence against him ; for every Irishman fears the revenge of a man whom he denounces. Men loved and respected are to be found among the gentry, whom the people would trust to lead and represent them ; but if they are Protestants, their influence need be very strong to overcome that of the parish priest.

It may be that the palmy days of the agitator are now in the past. The people are disgusted by recent revelations, and have less faith than ever in their members. The funds from America have dried up, and the money sent home is better employed ; while home contributions have of late been refused to the Nationalists. But even when it was thought that Home Rule was imminent, the people were alarmed rather than exultant. It cannot be doubted that they distrusted the result, when with one accord they withdrew their savings from the government Savings' Banks and placed them in private banks. They feared that a Parliament at Dublin would lay hands on their hard-earned money ; and this was the first result of the expectation of Home Rule—not in the Protestant north but in Cork and Kerry.

What the peasantry desired, therefore, was not a new system of government, but the amelioration of their

material condition. They wanted decreased rents and decreased rates; and they dimly looked forward to a time when no rent at all would be levied. They regarded rent, not as a contract between man and man, but as a feudal tribute, to be evaded if possible. Reduced rents they have now got, and fixity of tenure. The improvements are credited to tenant or landlord, according as each contributed to the same. Either can now go to the land-court to fix a new rent every fifteen years, and most of the peasants have taken advantage of the law. Thus rent has become a compensation, paid by the new owner to the old, but with the advantage that the tenant cannot part with his landed capital. In some cases the reduction has been less than that which the landlord offered. In others the courts have actually raised the rent; but generally speaking the land-owner has lost from half to three-quarters of his income.

Such great and sudden changes can never be made without inflicting misery and wrong on many weak and innocent persons. Ladies who had their carriages, and even women of title, have had to find refuge in the work-houses. Families have been crippled when the sons were too old to enter professions; but it is still more remarkable that the change has of necessity brought new charges on the tenants themselves. In the old days the rates fell mainly on the great house; but since that house has been closed, or its owner's income diminished, they have fallen more generally on the parish. The farmers are contented at present with their rents; and these have been better paid during the present year than for a long time past — three years' arrears being in some cases made up. The people account for their balances at the banks by attributing them to the money sent home from America, but it cannot be doubted that the fisheries have much to say to the improved condition. It is of the rates that complaint is made, and of the grand juries as not being an elected body. But Irish farmers have no ex-

perience of the rates that elected bodies demand in England; and they do not see that in driving the landed gentry to ruin they are laying taxes on themselves.

It is, of course, a truism that property has its duties as well as its privileges; and no doubt the present generation of landlords suffer from the neglect and extravagant hospitality of their ancestors. Many are sending sons to professions in which they are not always fitted to succeed. Many would gladly sell their estates, but only the mortgagee would profit, and he is not usually anxious to foreclose. The fiercest rack-renting proceeded, not from Irish gentlemen, but from the corporations which received confiscated lands under promise of colonization in the seventeenth century, and from merchant speculators in the famine time of 1864. We can hardly wonder that the old families are disheartened and disgusted, especially when, after long experience as magistrates, they find themselves thwarted by the newly appointed coadjutors, whose position makes it impossible that they should be independent of the classes to whom they are bidden to deal justice. In driving out the landlord, the farmer deprives himself of a natural source of strength. If the peasantry could all purchase their holdings, the necessary result must be the creation of a new class of landlords, who might perhaps not win the respect accorded to the old families, and who, though they could no longer rack-rent their tenants, might not prove as considerate as their predecessors. Even now the landlord pays better wages to his laborers than the farmer does, and is better able to be patient with tenants who cannot pay rent. The only advantage of the change would be — from the priest's point of view — that the new landlords would be Roman Catholics.

In the present century men seem to have very generally forgotten what were the stern reasons which led men like Luther, slowly and unwillingly to break with the Church of Rome. Her ambition is as boundless, and her en-

ergy as menacing, as ever. The Irish peasant desires freedom, yet he has given himself bound hand and foot to masters who tolerate no disobedience, and who follow their own aims, which are far wider than the interests of the Irish flock. No artificial remedies will prevail against this power. Protestant colonies have been tried; they were unpopular, and they dried up on uncongenial soil. We can only look to natural means, to the progress of human intelligence, and to the gradual infiltration of education, due to example, and to secular relations between man and man. The ancient paganism of Ireland was not quite extinct a generation ago. In one of the Sligo Islands there was still a sacred stone, to which an old woman was yearly appointed priestess; and a yearly robe of flannel was placed upon it, in order that the image might send wrecks and wreckage to the island. The mediæval Christianity of Ireland dies as hard as her ancient paganism.

But there are silent influences at work which must, in time, do more than direct legislation to better the condition of the country, and to enlighten the race. Among these the work of the Congested Districts' Board may be counted. A free gift of £48,000 yearly is given to the poorer parts of Ireland; and the benefits of experience and labor in England during the last century are offered, if they will be accepted. The local authorities are aided, as far as possible, to open up the country with new roads, new piers, and new railways. The people can receive instruction gratis in improved methods of agriculture, and can have their farm stock improved at government expense. Private effort in the same direction can be aided and organized, and the best local men are encouraged to give example to their neighbors. The fisheries also receive help from the Board.

Such work is uphill work at first. There are many vested interests opposed to such action. Prejudices and suspicions must be overcome. The officials are sometimes new to their

work, and strangers to the people, who cannot believe that they are disinterested in their proposals. There is, moreover, a storm of ridicule and misrepresentation, raised by those who prefer that Ireland should be discontented rather than receive benefits from England; and this can only be lived down in course of time; but the practical advantages so offered, there can be little doubt, in the end will come to be recognized.

The inferiority of Irish stock is evident to any who have seen an English cattle-show. Darwin has shown how largely the English breeds have increased in size and weight within a century, in consequence of careful breeding. Irish cows, pigs, ducks, fowls, and geese were perhaps once equal to the English; they are now about half the weight of those sold in England. Some improvement has no doubt occurred since the old Irish pig with wattles, of which Darwin gives a drawing, which now seems to be quite extinct; but the bulls, boars, and other animals used for breeding purposes in Ireland are very inferior, and the peasants are quite unaware of the advance that has been made elsewhere. They are invited to keep superior animals, lent to them by government or by landowners; but they do not very often take advantage of the offer, though a few of the more enterprising have begun to do so. It is discouraging, however, to a landlord to find that his prize ram, lent to a tenant, has been illegally sold to the butcher; or that, after enjoying an income from a fine bull, the man in charge not only claimed for its keep (and has sometimes even been paid), but stated that he considered he had a better right to the beast than its owner. Yet these incidents should not discourage those who are doing good work for the country. The existing breed of fowls ought to be swept out of existence; and the condition of all kinds of live stock requires amendment. The potato disease is being treated with sulphate of copper, but it will be long before the Irish perceive how much care the

potato needs. It is doubtful whether Sir Walter Raleigh left a blessing or a curse behind him when he planted the first potato. So easily is it grown, that the people have come to rely too exclusively upon it. But since the food of a people cannot be changed except by themselves, it is certainly needful to guard the potato from its various dangers — especially from the evil-smelling fungus on its leaves.

The Unionist government did much to retrieve the poverty of Ireland, and to make famine impossible even in the remote islands of the west coast; yet the Congested Districts' Board is sharply criticised, especially for its employment of local men. It is certain that such men, if they can be enlisted in the cause, and if they are respected by poorer farmers, are better able to deal with the suspicions of the peasantry than any government official. How great those prejudices are may be judged by the objection to railways, as tending to ruin the places they reach — an idea perhaps disseminated by those who object to all progress and enlightenment, but which carries us back to the time of a previous generation in England.

The present sketch of actual conditions in a congested district may perhaps be more useful than any study of Irish politics, or news of outrages, exaggerated in some newspaper reports, and entirely denied by those of an opposite party; or even those statistics of agrarian crime which can be manipulated by careful use of language in classification.

What Ireland desires is that which other nations desire — peace and plenty. What she needs is what other nations need — the strong rule of independent men, who aim at justice, and are above self-interest, who are neither alarmed by violence, nor obliged to yield to the clamor of the ignorant who see not what they do, and know not what is for their own good. If freedom is desired, it should begin with freedom to elect worthy representatives. The Irish are not an independent people, — they are timid and easily led. When once the

British government asserted the laws against murder and arson which are recognized by all civilized races, murder and arson ceased; but to yield to demands backed by violence can only result in yet more extravagant pretensions being advanced. The people fear the Irish constabulary as much as Continental nations fear their police; but such a force (celebrated as it is) can have no power to keep the peace if it has no strong man to urge and to restrain its action, or if it has orders to minimize its returns. Discipline, whether in a regiment or in a nation, is not to be judged by tables of crime, but by real conditions of contentment and obedience.

Is it to any of the Irish parties that the people can safely trust for such guidance and rule? Is it to be believed that they trust and respect such leaders, and desire to sever themselves from the larger and richer country, in which they have so many well-wishers, from which of late they have received the advantage of labor and study which they have not themselves undertaken, — from a race which speaks a common language, and is built up so largely from the same Celtic and Danish stock? Is it possible, in an age when fusion of smaller States appears to be the general law, that we should be the first to set the example of the disintegration which precedes ruin? Is it even the wish of Irishmen that they should have a separate government, and be received as foreigners when they come to reap the harvests, or to trade in England? It may be suspected that such a wish only exists, in reality, among the few whose personal ambitions or interests would thus be gratified. Disunion with England must mean ruin to the poorer country, and Irishmen know that this is the case.

We trust, however, that strong and independent men do exist among us, and recognize that they have already shown us how to do most good to Ireland. The duty we owe to our neighbor is to put power into the hands of such men. If Ireland is only left in peace, and aided by practical help, we

may expect to see her natural resources developed, and her people brought forward on the way to prosperity and contentment.

From The National Review.
A VISIT TO DASHUR.

WHEN last year the announcement was made that M. de Morgan, the head of the Ghizeh Museum, had found at Dashur the jewels of an Egyptian princess of the 12th Dynasty, the news was of interest to many people besides archaeologists and Egyptologists. The fineness of the goldsmith's work and the exquisite nicety of the mosaic struck the curious in such matters, while to those who were not experts the jewels appealed as simple, "human documents." What were the thoughts of the princesses who hung these golden chains upon their necks, and who and what was she who fastened in her bodice the plectrum of enamel-like fineness, in the mosaic of which two falcons have stood facing each other for five thousand years? To an Egyptian woman her jewels were her own indeed; she knew that they would follow her even to her burial, she believed that her Ka, her shadow-body, would use them forever in the land of tombs.

Feeling this, and longing to see the actual place where the owners of the treasure had lain, I was delighted when my husband proposed that we should ride over from Cairo to Dashur to see the tombs of the princesses, as well as the king's chamber of the brick pyramid, which M. de Morgan had entered on November 23rd, only two days before. H.E. Artin Pacha most kindly furnished us with a letter of introduction to M. de Morgan, and at seven o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, November 27th, we started from the Mena House (the hotel at the foot of the Ghizeh Pyramids) for our ride across the desert. I had never seen the sun rise, and my disappointment was great when the six o'clock promise of a lovely morning was succeeded by

a thick wall of mist. Our way lay at first along the flat Nile valley which skirts the Libyan desert to the east, and we rode along through the damp fog unable to see anything, till at the stirring of a little wind the clouds moved, broke, and sank away, while to our right, with a sudden ray of sunlight striking her forehead, the head of the Sphinx was lifted over the mist. We stopped our horses and watched the clouds roll down from the steep sides of the three great pyramids, which showed their full size, with their pointed tops rising like mountain peaks from the wreathing mist clouds below. After we had followed the Nile valley for about seven miles we turned off to the right, up into the desert, and rode straight southwards towards Dashur, leaving the Sakkara pyramids upon our left.

Our Arab guide imparted an Oriental look to the scene by carrying our lunch on a camel, and the pace at which this animal chose to travel was so slow that the moment the guide pointed to two distant pyramids and said "Dashur," we determined to canter on, making a bee-line to them. The guide's English appeared perfectly fluent, and we confidently asked him for directions to M. de Morgan's house: "A leetle left of pyramid," he replied. "How much?" asked we, "about so much?" and we pointed towards the horizon with our riding-whips. "No, no; only a leetle left of pyramid;" so off we set at a brisk canter, leaving the camel to take a path very much to the left indeed, which we fondly imagined was the camel's way round to the point towards which we were directing our short cut. We reached the pyramids, which we were careful to keep just a little on our right hands. There was no sign of life whatever. Clearly, we had misunderstood our guide, and on we cantered—our camel long lost sight of—to a pyramid further to the south. It looked quite close, but on that hot morning, and with the uncomfortable feeling that we might half lose ourselves, the "quite close" of desert seemingly appeared a long way in the

riding. However, getting nearer, we saw a tent. We rode up and found workmen busy loading and unloading camels with thick pieces of wood about three or four feet long, and passing to and fro over boulders, which seemed to lead to the entrance to a passage in the pyramid. But we were so absorbed in devising a plan for asking for M. de Morgan in Arabic without knowing how to speak a word of the language, that my recollections of the south pyramid (in which, as yet, no discoveries have been made) are hazy. The only words we and the Arabs had in common were "Morgan Bey," but by dint of these, of much gesticulation, and of floods of Arabic on their side, we gathered that M. de Morgan lived some way back in the direction whence we had come. One of the Arabs then dived into a tent and produced a long gun, and, slinging it on his back, ran before us and made signs for us to follow. With mutual caution we turned round, each warning the other not to ride too close behind this explosive weapon. We had retraced our steps about half a mile, when I saw our runner begin to unsling his gun, and heard him murmur "Bedouin !"

I looked up and saw a Bedouin riding furiously towards us mounted on a swift camel, shouting and waving his berrous with wild gestures. It was our guide and our lunch, and for one dreadful moment I feared we might not explain this in time, but we raised shouts of "dragoman," and our runner was reassured. Our guide was dreadfully angry with us for getting lost, and scolded us violently in Arabic all the way to M. de Morgan's. It would have been useless to tell him that when one given point is about a mile to the left of another, the term "a leetle" does not afford a useful geographical guide ; his English was too obviously limited to the answers to expected questions.

Without further adventure we now arrived at the little house of sun-dried mud-bricks which M. de Morgan has had built for himself in one of the most delicious situations in the world, high

on the edge of the Libyan desert, looking south-east over the flat, green Nile valley. Here we dismounted, and proceeded on foot to the brick pyramid only a few hundred yards distant. In the course of ages this pyramid has fallen in, and been knocked about so much that, to the eyes of the plain man, there is little trace of anything but its base. However, I imagined that tombs in a pyramid were above the level of the ground, and, rather stiff with riding, I lingered a little behind, looking at the wonderful view, and enjoying the sunshine and the desert air, and hardly heeding the explanations of our escort, M. Pierre. "Monsieur Pierre" is M. de Morgan's chief lieutenant and right-hand man, and his own surname was the only fact of interest which he forgot to tell us. M. de Morgan called him "Pierre," and it is as "M. Pierre" that we have thought of him and remembered his kindness to us.

Profound was my dismay when we arrived at a hollow in the sand and, descending it, M. Pierre pointed to a sort of well about ten feet square (speaking very roughly) and said, "*Il faut descendre là*. The entrance to the tombs of the princesses is at the bottom of this mummy pit." "And to the king's chamber?" I asked. "*Egale-ment*," said M. Pierre, dashing my hopes with a polite bow and wave of the hand towards the pit. There are some terrors which are more powerful than the feminine fear of being thought a fussy coward, and to be lowered down a mummy pit about forty feet deep was more than I could face. At that moment we were joined by M. de Morgan himself, and I told him my fearful anticipations. "Go down, Pierre," said he, "and show how easy it is." So a rope was simply attached to M. Pierre's waist, the end was held by four Arabs, and without machinery or pulleys of any kind he was quietly dropped over the edge. I was not reassured in the least, and sitting down in the shade I said I would wait for the re-ascent of the party. For this piece of cowardice I

was properly punished, though not immediately, for whilst my husband went to the tombs of the princesses with M. Pierre, M. de Morgan sat with me and told me of his recent two years' travels in Persia and the East. He talked of his difficulties in Siam as to interpreters, and how he had been deceived by a few pieces of fluent English slang into engaging a guide who could understand no word of any European language. I told him how we had suffered from the same thing that morning, and how the guide whom we procured at the south pyramid had nearly fired on our lunch, and he said that the fellaheen there are very much afraid of the Bedouins. During his excavations at Sakkara two night attacks were made upon him. As soon, however, as the Bedouins discovered that he and his party had fire-arms, and were ready to use them, they were left in peace.

At that moment the others, having made the circuit of the princesses' galleries, called out from the bottom of the mummy pit that the tombs were much too interesting to miss, so, bargaining anxiously for an extra rope, I made up my mind to the descent, shutting my eyes and trying to forget that if once I was let down I should have to be dragged up again. The moment I felt the secure way in which the rope was knotted round me, I saw how perfectly easy the whole thing really was, and how foolish I had been not to go at once. But I still maintain that from above the abyss looked awful. M. de Morgan came down after me, and I hoped that I was going to the newly discovered king's chamber; but no, I had proved that I was not to be trusted, and I was only to go to the princesses' gallery.

As my husband turned down the low, straight miner's gallery to the left, looking westwards of the mummy pit, M. de Morgan bade him remember that he was going into a tomb unopened for four thousand years till two days before. He was to be the first person after M. de Morgan and his workmen to enter the king's chamber since four thousand years ago the rob-

bers broke into it and robbed it of its treasure. We asked how the date of the robbers' entrance could be known, and were answered that they had scrawled rude figures on the white-washed surface of the walls of the tomb, figures, of which one at any rate, wears a headdress belonging to the days of the Shepherd Kings—so that these pyramids when they were violated were even then one thousand years old.

Leaving the others to pursue the little miner's gallery, M. de Morgan and I, preceded by an Arab boy carrying two lighted candles, went down the steep passage to the north of the pyramid, along which had passed the funeral processions of the royal women of the house of Ousertasen III. To the right and left opened the tombs, each chamber still holding the empty sarcophagus in which their mummies had lain in such fancied security. M. de Morgan paused on the threshold of one of the chambers, and showed me the place where he found the two jewel cases, the contents of which we had seen in the Ghizeh Museum.

Fancying that the earth looked loose and disturbed just there, he ordered his men to dig, and found the two caskets of jewels. He could not tell me whether the treasure was hidden there and abandoned by the thieves, or whether that is the very spot in which it was placed at the burial of the princess fifty centuries ago. Twelve mummies lay in the lower gallery of this harem of the dead, and scrambling over a mass of fallen masonry we reached an upper gallery where a larger chamber marks, probably, the resting-place of the principal queen. On some of the sarcophagi are inscribed names: Nophirhouit, Sithathor, and some others. Such are the traces which these women have left across the ages—their names, their jewels, and their tombs. The upper gallery led back to the mummy pit whence we had started. M. de Morgan told me that an alabaster sarcophagus which was found in the princesses' gallery near the entrance

had been removed to the Ghizeh Museum. We sat waiting in the entrance to the narrow passage which led to the king's chamber; a light glimmered dimly a long way down, and out of the blackness came the half-naked figures of Arab boys, carrying on their shoulders baskets filled with earth. These baskets are the Egyptian substitutes for wheelbarrows, and M. de Morgan said that not only had his men, in piercing the gallery to the king's tomb, carried away all the earth by their means, but that five thousand years ago the mummy pit, down which we had come, had been excavated in exactly the same way. The basket of to-day, as we find by representations on the monuments, is not only the direct descendant of the basket of the ancient empire, it is also its absolute fac-simile. An English engineer afterwards told me that when a wheelbarrow was introduced on English works, the fellahs picked it up and tried to carry it also on their shoulders, and as there was no inducing the men to abandon the practice, the use of wheelbarrows was very soon given up.

Meanwhile the others had proceeded along the passage, to the king's chamber, pierced by M. de Morgan absolutely straight like a miner's gallery. The height drops almost immediately from just under six feet at the entrance to about three feet six inches, and towards the heart of the pyramid, where the rock is very rotten, the passage is shored up by the short wooden props with which we had seen the camels laden at the south pyramid. At last the gallery sinks to a mere hole to be crawled through. The heat was great. Just then an extinguished candle gave evidence of the quality of the air, for it proved impossible to light a match to rekindle it, and the glass chimney being taken from a petroleum hand-lamp carried by one of the men, the flame of this also went out, leaving the party almost in the dark. But M. Pierre promised fresher air in the chamber itself, and the rekindling of the lights was left till then. After proceeding for about twenty yards through this two-

foot-high hole, the miner's gallery breaks into the ante-chamber to the king's tomb. The chamber, lined with Tourah limestone, is encumbered with heaps of earth and rubbish on the ground, while on the west side a narrow doorway gives entrance to the tomb itself.

Here the same confusion reigns — the great sarcophagus of finely polished rose-granite yawns empty and desecrated at the end of the chamber, the royal mummy having long since perished, hastily snatched from its resting-place and cast aside in the eager search for gold. Strange irony of fate, which turned the treasure piously dedicated by the survivors to the use of the dead, into the inevitable cause of the violation of their tombs. The whole of the king's chamber is lined with the royal rose-granite, strangely enough overlaid with a coat of whitewash. So also is the passage down which the funeral procession passed. About six feet high, slightly vaulted, and with the masonry finished magnificently, it opens from the north-east corner of the tomb, going due north for some way and then turning straight to the west. It is not possible to go down it far at present, as the *débris* of the wall by which the robbers broke into the tomb encumber it still. It is on the sides of the deep doorway leading from the royal chamber to the ante-chamber that the figures left by the robbers are outlined. Imagine the hour, four thousand years ago, when, resting from the work of ransacking the tomb, one of the men daubed up these rough portraits of his fellows on one side of the doorway. On the other side, the figure of the king of the robbers stands alone, crowned with the identifying headdress. Some of the chief interest of the great king's tomb now comes from this rude fellow's scrawling, for "so the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

The others joined us, and we were all swung up into the outer air. "Allah, allah," sang the men as they pulled, in a chant which thrilled to a sudden "Mohammed," as a heavy member of the party hung upon the

rope. After lunch we asked M. de Morgan how he had forced the pyramid to yield the secret of its most hidden chambers. He told us he had argued to himself that for the king's chamber the hardest rock would have been chosen (he is by profession a mining engineer), and after finding the hardest stratum he had driven his gallery straight to the centre of the pyramid on the level of the hardest rock. This was the passage which broke into the antechamber of the tomb itself. We then asked how he had found the princesses' gallery, and he said that he had made constant soundings round the pyramid with a view to discovering the mastabas, which M. Pierre had shown us before lunch, and had found that "the ground which filled the ancient mummy pit down which we went sounded as though there were a hollow below it" (*une cave là dessous*). He had the earth removed, the whole mummy pit cleared, in short, and on descending it he immediately entered the princesses' gallery by the ancient passage to the north of the pit. He told us that he has now found thirty-six mastabas, probably of the king's household and of the great nobles, etc., above ground, and fourteen tombs in the pyramid itself—the king's, the queen's, and the twelve princesses'. On the other side of the pyramid he fully hopes and expects to find the tombs of the princes.

We asked where the mummy pit to the king's tomb lies, and he told us that it is almost certainly at the end of the rose-granite passage. He proposes first to get some of the rubbish out of the robbers' well in order to let in the air, and afterwards to clear the ancient passage, working backwards from the chamber to the mummy pit. Then the entrance to the king's chamber will follow the actual route taken by his funeral procession. M. de Morgan then took us into the next room, and showed us one of his most recent finds—the actual mummy carriage on which the king's body was placed. It looked like the skeleton of a sledge on wooden runners. On this the bier was

placed to descend the long passages leading to the tomb.

Asking whether M. de Morgan were not going to publish some account of all he had done at Dashur, we found that the next publication issued by the Antiquities Department of the Egyptian government was to be on that subject, with reproductions of the famous treasure in the museum. We were told by people in Cairo who had seen the proofs, that these reproductions are exquisite pieces of work. Our interesting visit now came to an end, for on our way home through the desert we were to visit Sakkara, by M. de Morgan's advice, and to see his discoveries there, and the wonderful Apis Mausoleum found by Mariette Bey.

As we rode home through the twilight and saw the great pyramids rise once more before us, the feeling grew that this part of the Libyan desert is but a vast cemetery for the tombs of kings covered with these "wilde enormities of ancient magnanimity," and the words with which Sir Thomas Browne ends his "Urne Buriall" rang in our ears: "'Tis all one to lye in St. Innocents' Churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; Ready to be anything in the extasie of being ever, and as content with six foot" as with the pyramids of Ghizeh.

AMY STRACHEY.

From Nature.

THE QUARRYING OF GRANITE IN INDIA.

AT Bangalore, in southern India, the quarrying of granite slabs by means of wood-fire has been brought to such perfection, that an account of the method may not be out of place. The rock is a grey gneissose granite of very irregular composition through unequal segregation of hornblende and the presence of numerous felspathic veins. But it is otherwise very compact, and forms solid masses uninterrupted by cracks for several hundreds of feet. Only near the surface the rock is found split parallel to the surface. In one quarry there is thus, for instance, a

four-feet thick horizontal layer of rather weathered rock, underneath this another layer of fresh rock three feet thick; but below this the rock is entirely fresh, and not split. These layers are probably due to the variations of temperature, daily and seasonal.

The undisturbed rock is quarried by means of fire, and it is remarkable what large plates may be detached. I saw one plate of sixty feet greatest length, and forty feet greatest width, and half a foot thickness. This thickness varied only one inch over the greater part of the area. The whole plate had been detached in one piece by means of wood-fire. Afterwards the plate was cut with blunt chisels into strips two and a half feet in width. So easily are these strips and slabs obtained, that it is quite common to see palisades of them used instead of boundary walls, and also to see them used as posts for huts, for telegraphs, and for railings and posts in gardens.

In one case, I observed the operation of burning over an area. A narrow line of wood-fire, perhaps seven feet long, was gradually elongated, and at the same time moved forward over the tolerably even surface of solid rock. The line of fire was produced by dry logs of light wood, which were left burning in their position until strokes with a hammer indicated that the rock in front of the fire had become detached from the main mass underneath. The burning wood was then pushed forward a few inches, and left until the hammer again indicated that the slit had extended. Thus the fire was moved on, and at the same time the length of the line of fire was increased and made to be convex on the side of the fresh rock. The maximum length of the arc amounted to about twenty-five feet. It was only on this advancing line of fire that any heating took place, the portion which had been traversed being left to itself. This latter portion was covered with the ashes left by the wood, and with thin splinters which had been burst off.

These splinters were only about an eighth of an inch in thickness, and a few inches across. They were quite independent of the general splitting of the rock, which was all the time going on at a depth of about five inches from the surface. The burning lasted eight hours, and the line of fire advanced at the average rate of nearly six feet an hour. The area actually passed over by the line of fire was four hundred and sixty square feet, but as the crack extended about three feet on either side beyond the fire, the area of the entire slab which was set free measured about seven hundred and forty square feet. All this was done with, maybe, about fifteen hundredweight of wood. Taking the average thickness of the stone at five inches, and its specific gravity as 2.62, the result is thirty pounds of stone quarried with one pound of wood.

The old quarries have sloping sides formed of steps left by each successively split plate, each new plate extending to within about two feet of the step left by the preceding plate. Many plates are taken out in an inclined position, and as the directions of inclination differ, it follows that the action of the fire is quite independent of the original surface of the rock, and also of the direction of lamination and of the numerous veins in the rock.

The great uniformity of the thickness of the slabs formed by the above process is probably due to the regulating influence of the pre-existing crack. When the action of the fire is somewhat slower, it takes longer for the heat to penetrate down to the crack; when the action is quicker, there will be enough expansion produced in the upper layers, and the lower layers transmit the tension to the plane of the crack. Perhaps it will be possible some day to measure the temperature of the heated rock, when a certain agreement ought to be found between the tensile strength of the rock and the strain which the expansion by the heat produces in the so-far elastic rock.

H. WARTH.

